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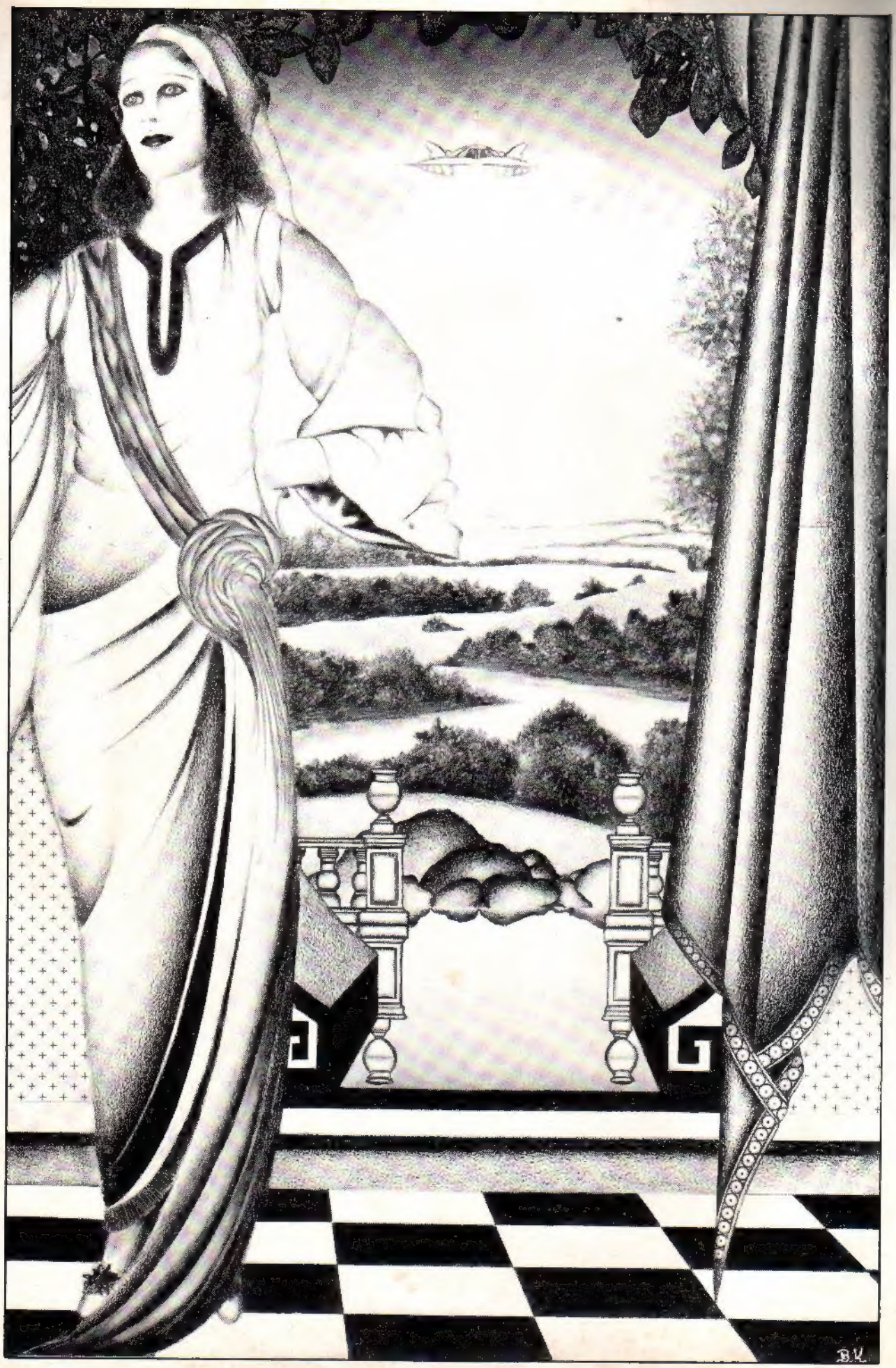
MARVEL PREVIEW PRESENTS
MARVEL PREVIEW №15 $1
STAR-LORD™
TO SAVE A GALAXY--
A MISSION OF
COSMIC VENGEANCE!
GUSKO '78


B.K.

STAN LEE PRESENTS

STAR-LORD

Vol. 1 No. 15 Summer 1978

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Editorials

Challenges

Alternatives

Coming Attractions

THE FANTASY GAP

"Out of this world"—how many times people use this phrase without considering the inherent science-fiction implications of it. Now, merely to be outside the earth's orbit is a concept that has become awfully banal, especially to us children of the space age; how sad it is that we have become so jaded by moon walks, space-linkups, orbiting labs, etc., that the term—and the thought—of travel outside our sphere has become ho-hum city.

It is significant that, with the inundation of s-f comic strips, comic books, movies, TV shows, paperback novels and so much more, our unfortunate attitudes about science fiction has been caused by reality, *not* fiction or movies.

Which means that, similar to the expectation gap provoked by TV and commercial images that distort reality for millions who can never reach the supposed "norms," there is a *fantasy gap* for a whole generation of science-fiction fans. What seemed pure fancy to readers of the '30s, in, say, *Buck Rogers*, is often fact today, or at least around the corner. Hence our new writers have to transcend *perceptions* of reality and fantasy rather than merely tangible scientific parameters of technological hardware; the challenge is to excite the imagination of readers who suppose many impossible things to be possible.

So phrases and concepts like "out of this world" must take on new meaning for the dream makers. In this issue Don and Maggie Thompson—two of fandom's most diligent and perceptive critics in the science-fiction field—have adapted Don's award-winning story "Worlds Enough" to the comic-book format. And the theme of the tale is one of the most challenging to the imagination of today's demanding science-fiction readers: Alternate Worlds.

Under this theory there is an unending number of alternate worlds where everything is as it is here, as we know it—except for one detail. The difference could be as minor as a man putting on one pair of shoes rather than another, or as significant as the Nazis winning World War II. And all the implications follow; a different pair of shoes would probably change very little in the flow of mankind, but the other factor—or a plague that would not exist otherwise, or a medical breakthrough by a man who might not have been born in *our* world—would have enormous implications. In an alternate world.

And of course *we* may be living our lives in someone else's alternate world!

Well, the implications are fun and we're proud to run this story. A word, too, about the rest of the team on "Worlds Enough"—Lee Elias was recruited to pencil the job, your editor and the Thompsons having fondly recalled his classic work on the newspaper strip *Beyond Mars* in the '50s. It was one of the very best science-fiction strips ever done, written by Jack Williamson. We told Lee that special effects would be used in the black-and-white format, and—lo and behold—he returned a job full of lush shadings, subtle tones and interesting contrasts. In pencils!

It seemed a shame to cover up this "painting with a pencil" by having an inker hit the outlines and erase the shadings, so your editor and Marvel's art director Marie Severin devised a plan to bring the great George Roussos—formerly known to comic buffs as George Bell—out of inkers'-retirement. George is responsible for much of the great color work coming out of the Marvel factory, and just about all of the cover color schemes. For this job we screened Lee's art and gave it to George to hit the shadows with blacks and highlight the bright spots with lighter tones. We think it's "out of this world!"

A word about the next issue of MARVEL PREVIEW: We are going with a horror issue, and can assure you that the writing and artwork will far surpass anything you've seen in the comics genre in *years*. Among the contributors are Gene Colan, Don McGregor, Jim Shooter, Tom Palmer and Tony deZuniga.

Richard Marshall.

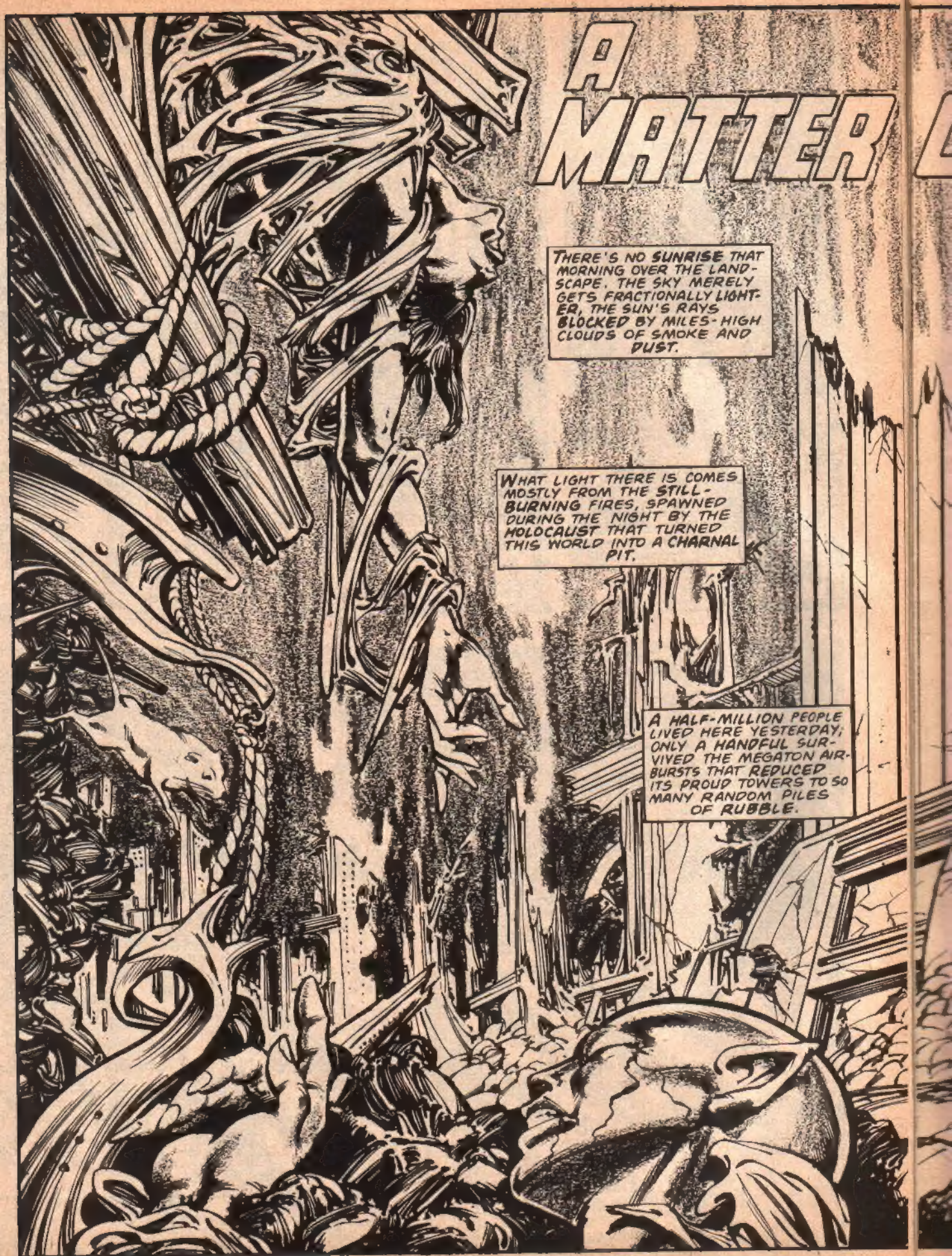
ON MONDAY MORNING, THE PLANET CARILLON BEGAN TO DIE.
THE HIGH COMMAND HAD KNOWN FOR WEEKS THAT THE HAALMHAD WERE COMING, AND THEY SENT EVERY SHIP THEY HAD TO STOP THEM.

BUT IT WAS A MASSACRE.
THE HAALMHAD STARHAWKS SMASHED THROUGH CARILLON'S OUTER DEFENSES AS IF THEY DIDN'T EXIST. IN A MATTER OF HOURS, LOCAL PLANETARY VECTORS WERE THEIRS TO COMMAND.

THE INVADERS HADN'T EXPECTED MUCH OPPOSITION FROM GROUND-BASED INSTALLATIONS. THAT ARROGANT ASSUMPTION COST THEM DEARLY...
...AS THEIR FIRST ASSAULT WAVE WAS SUDDENLY CUT TO PIECES BY MASSED BATTERIES OF LASER CANNON.

IT WAS A SMALL VICTORY, AND TEMPORARY.
ONE BY ONE, THE GROUND BASES WERE NEUTRALIZED --BY HAALMHAD LASERS, OR TACTICAL FISSION NUKES, OR STRATEGIC FUSION BOMBS.

Inks: BOB WIACEK Calligraphy: ANNETTE KAWECKI


A MATTER
THERE'S NO SUNRISE THAT MORNING OVER THE LANDSCAPE. THE SKY MERELY GETS FRACTIONALLY LIGHTER, THE SUN'S RAYS BLOCKED BY MILES-HIGH CLOUDS OF SMOKE AND DUST.
WHAT LIGHT THERE IS COMES MOSTLY FROM THE STILL-BURNING FIRES, SPAWNED DURING THE NIGHT BY THE HOLOCAUST THAT TURNED THIS WORLD INTO A CHARNAL PIT.
A HALF-MILLION PEOPLE LIVED HERE YESTERDAY; ONLY A HANDFUL SURVIVED THE MEGATON AIRBURSTS THAT REDUCED ITS PROUD TOWERS TO SO MANY RANDOM PILES OF RUBBLE.

OF NECESSITY!
BY CHRIS CLAREMONT & CARMINE INFANTINO
THE LUCKY ONES DIED IN THE INITIAL BLAST, OR THE FIRESTORM THAT FOLLOWED. SOME LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW PAIN.
AND SOME, POOR SOULS, WERE LEFT UNTOUCHED. TECHNICALLY, THEY'RE DEAD, TOO--THOUGH THEY STILL BREATHE--THEIR BODIES BEING CONSUMED FROM WITHIN BY RADIATION POISONING. THEIR DEATH WILL BE THE MOST HORRIBLE OF ALL, FOR IT WILL TAKE TIME.

"PRIMARY SENSOR SCAN INDICATES DESTRUCTION OF 98.73% OF ALL MILITARY OBJECTIVES, 92.41% OF TECHNO/INDUSTRIAL CENTERS, 97.81% OF POPULATION CENTERS.

"SENSORS FURTHER INDICATE MASSIVE SURFACE AND ATMOSPHERIC IONIZATION; RADIATION LEVELS FAR EXCEED ACCEPTABLE TOLERANCES FOR INDIGENOUS HUMANOID LIFE FORMS. EXTENSIVE GROUND AND MARINE CONTAMINATION.

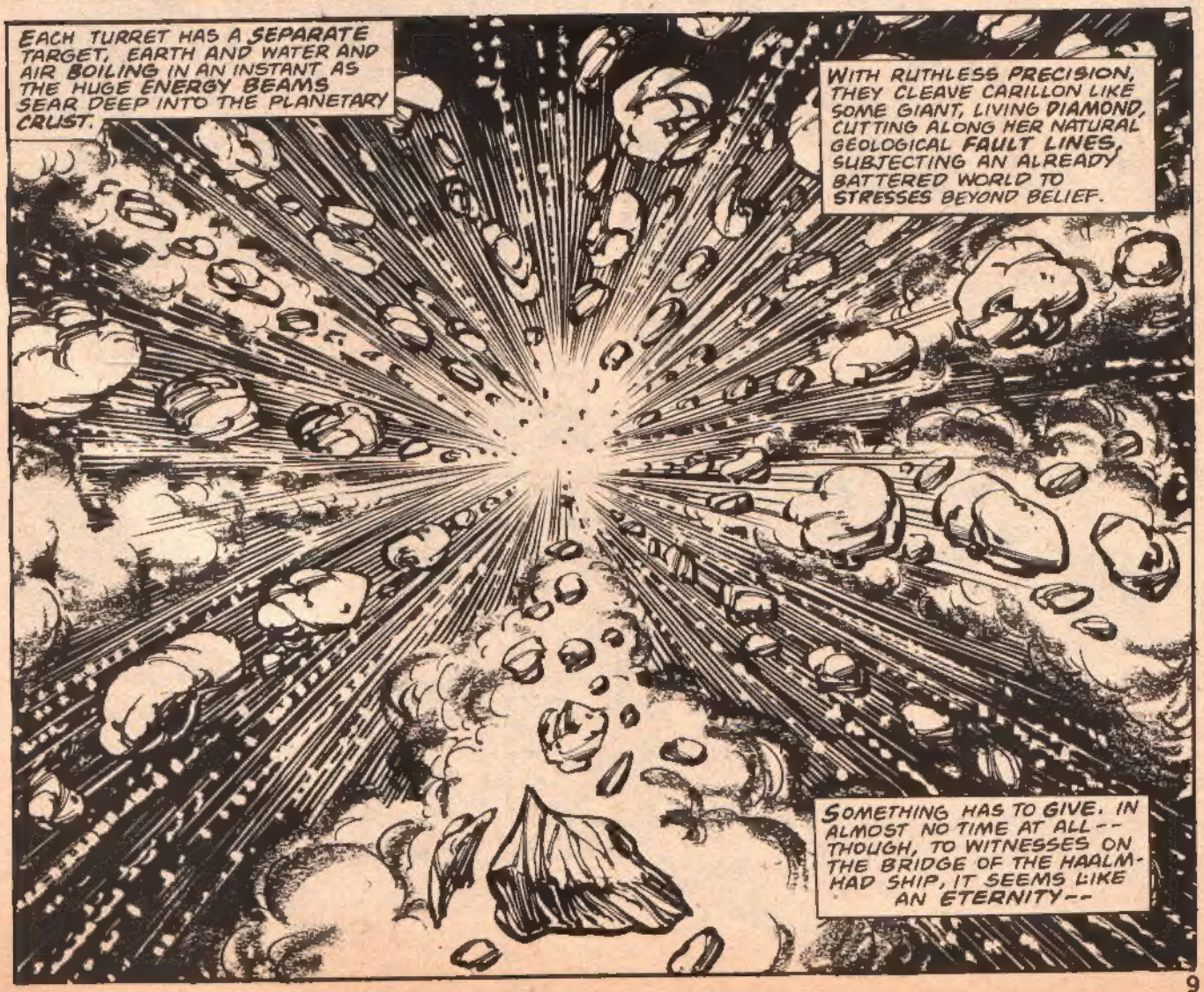
"MEAN SURFACE TEMPERATURE INCREASING. ALSO INDICATIONS OF CONSIDERABLE TECTONIC ACTIVITY. BIO-ANALYSIS INDICATES MINIMAL POSSIBILITY FOR SURVIVAL OF ANY LIFE FORM ABOVE BASIC PROTOPLASMIC LEVELS."

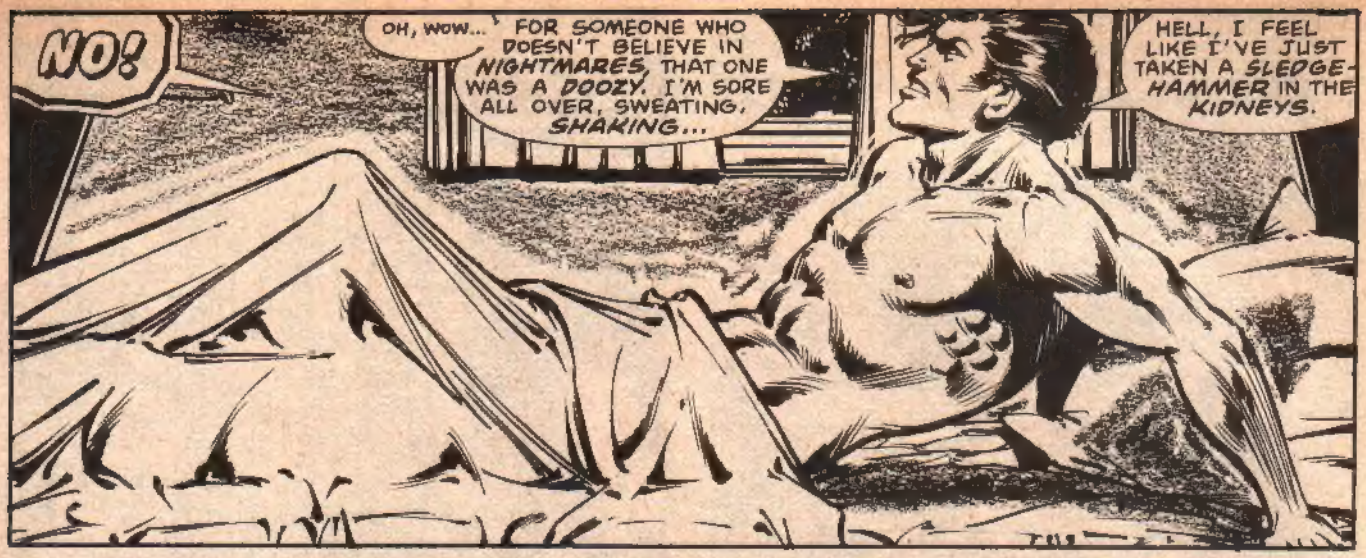
WELL, I GUESS THAT SHOWED 'EM.
BUT, HARLI--WE'RE TALKING ABOUT THE MURDER OF AN ENTIRE WORLD!
WE ONLY DID WHAT WE HAD TO DO, CASS.

HERE'S THE FINAL EVALUATION, COMMANDER. CARILLON'S NOW A RADIOACTIVE DUST-BALL, INSTANT DEATH TO ANY LIFE AS WE KNOW IT FOR AT LEAST THE FORSEEABLE FUTURE.
SO LONG AS THE PLANET ITSELF EXISTS, MAJOR, ITS RESOURCES CAN STILL BE TURNED AGAINST US.
WEAPONS DECK! THIS IS COMMANDER CAINE...

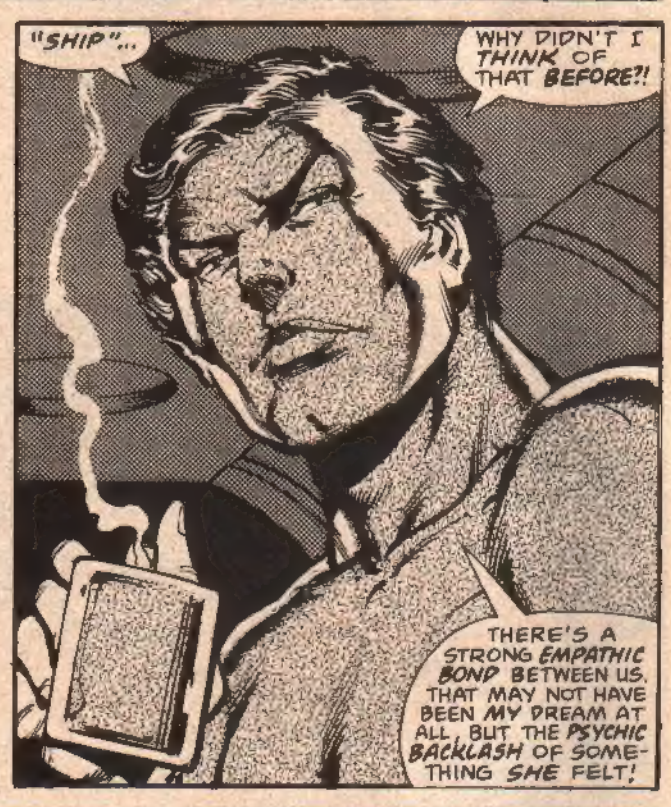
...YOU HAVE YOUR TARGET COORDINATES. LOCK IN AND OPEN FIRE.
YOU HEARD THE MAN. EXECUTE ON MY MARK...
...AND LET'S TRY TO GET IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME, HUH?! ONE SALVO, NO MORE!

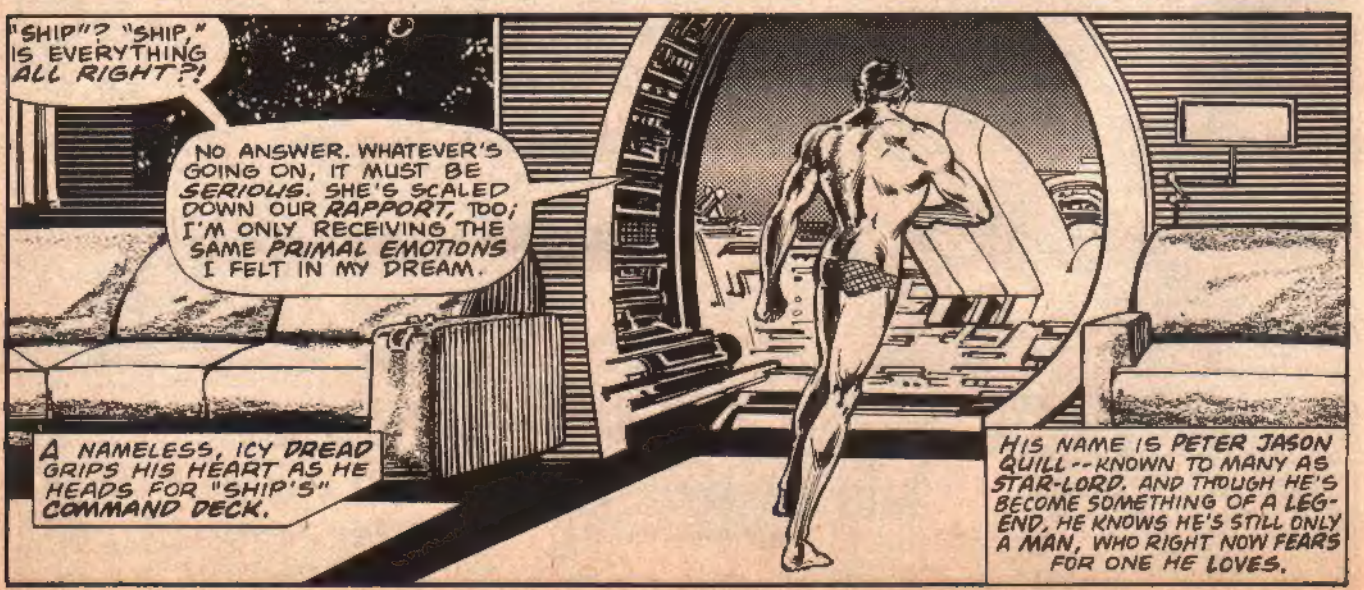
ALL ACROSS THE GREAT, GLEAMING STARSHIP, MULTI-TIERED TURRETS SWING UP AND AWAY FROM THE HULL...
...AND AS ONE, THEY FIRE!

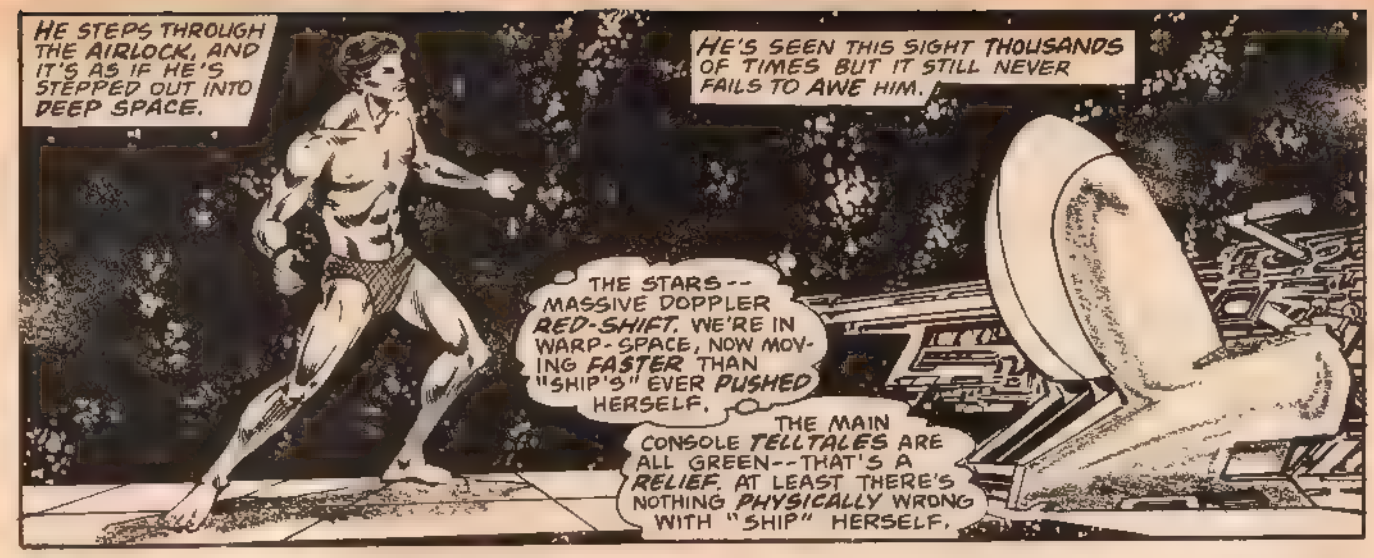

EACH TURRET HAS A SEPARATE TARGET, EARTH AND WATER AND AIR BOILING IN AN INSTANT AS THE HUGE ENERGY BEAMS SEAR DEEP INTO THE PLANETARY CRUST.
WITH RUTHLESS PRECISION, THEY CLEAVE CARILLON LIKE SOME GIANT, LIVING DIAMOND, CUTTING ALONG HER NATURAL GEOLOGICAL FAULT LINES, SUBJECTING AN ALREADY BATTERED WORLD TO STRESSES BEYOND BELIEF.
SOMETHING HAS TO GIVE. IN ALMOST NO TIME AT ALL-- THOUGH, TO WITNESSES ON THE BRIDGE OF THE HAALM-HAD SHIP, IT SEEMS LIKE AN ETERNITY--

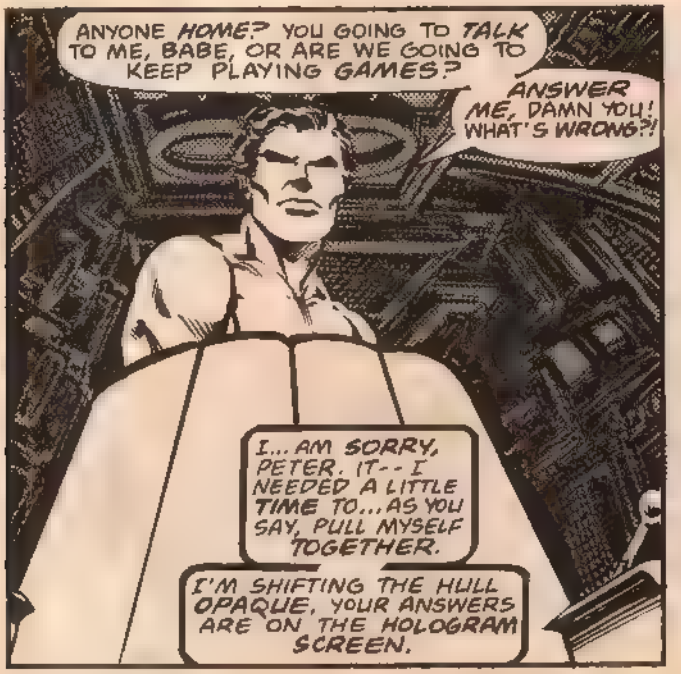

NO!
OH, WOW... FOR SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T BELIEVE IN NIGHTMARES, THAT ONE WAS A DOOZY. I'M SORE ALL OVER, SWEATING, SHAKING...
HELL, I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST TAKEN A SLEDGE-HAMMER IN THE KIDNEYS.

I CAN'T HOLD ONTO THE DREAM-IMAGES-- ALL THAT'S LEFT IS THE PAIN... AND GRIEF.
WONDER WHAT CAUSED IT? I DIDN'T HAVE ANYTHING EXOTIC FOR DINNER...
MAYBE A CUP OF COFFEE WILL CLEAR MY HEAD. NICE OF "SHIP" TO KEEP A POT PERPETUALLY HOT AND FRESH FOR ME...

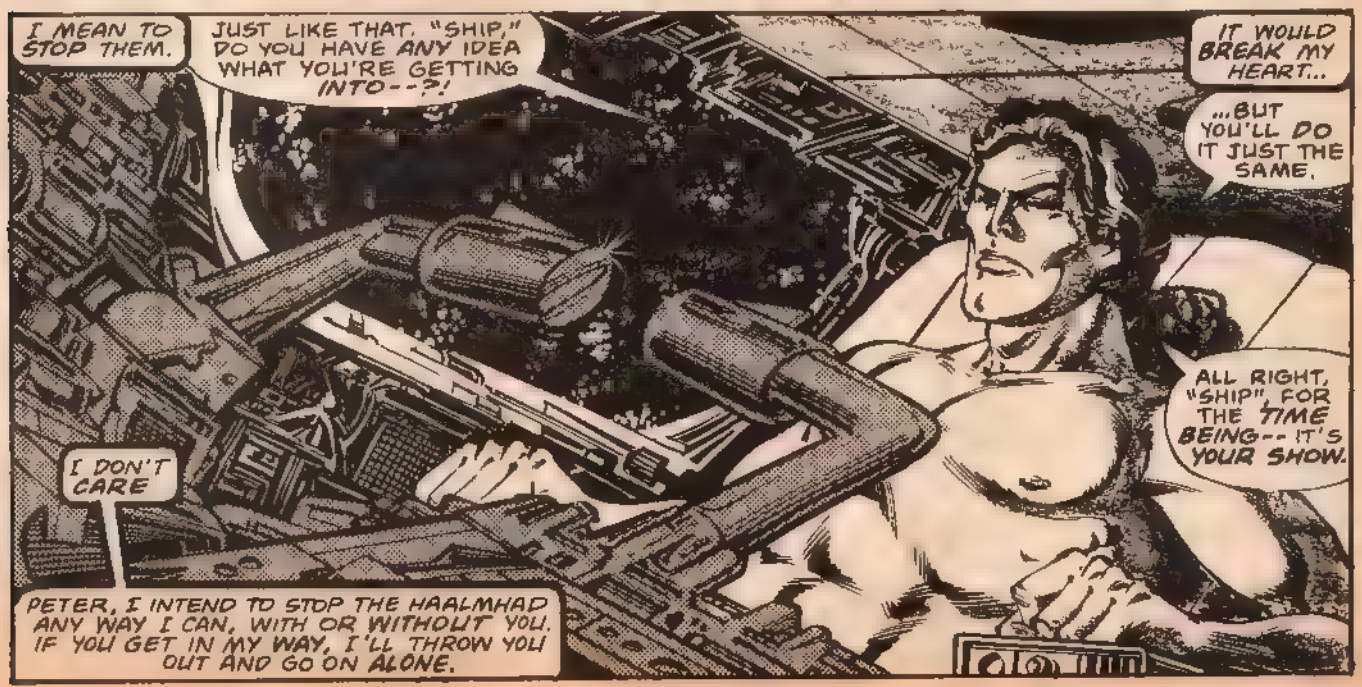

"SHIP"...
WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?!
THERE'S A STRONG EMPATHIC BOND BETWEEN US. THAT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN MY DREAM AT ALL, BUT THE PSYCHIC BACKLASH OF SOMETHING SHE FELT!

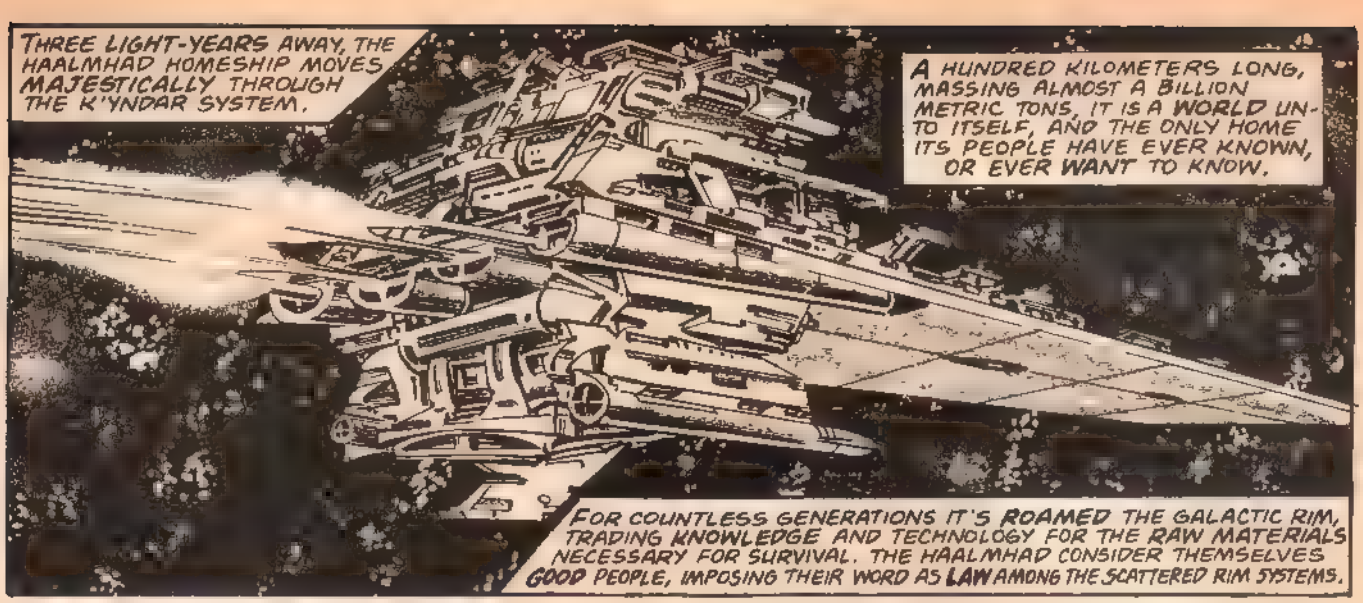

"SHIP"? "SHIP," IS EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT?!
NO ANSWER. WHATEVER'S GOING ON, IT MUST BE SERIOUS. SHE'S SCALED DOWN OUR RAPPORT, TOO; I'M ONLY RECEIVING THE SAME PRIMAL EMOTIONS I FELT IN MY DREAM.
A NAMELESS, ICY DREAD GRIPS HIS HEART AS HE HEADS FOR "SHIP'S" COMMAND DECK.
HIS NAME IS PETER JASON QUILL--KNOWN TO MANY AS STAR-LORD. AND THOUGH HE'S BECOME SOMETHING OF A LEGEND, HE KNOWS HE'S STILL ONLY A MAN, WHO RIGHT NOW FEARS FOR ONE HE LOVES.

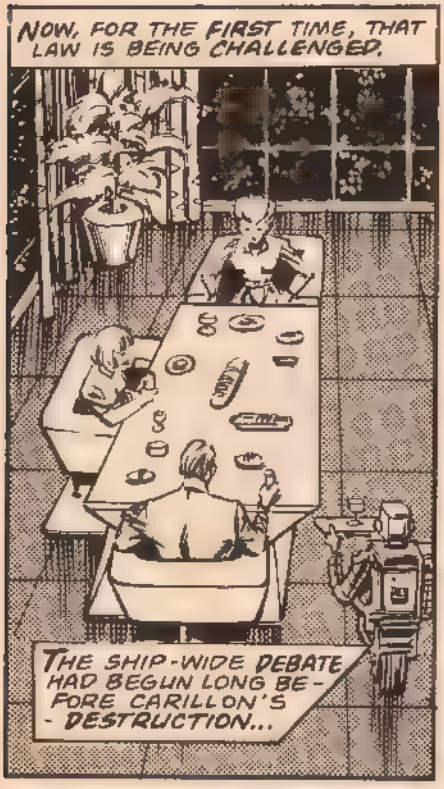

HE STEPS THROUGH THE AIRLOCK, AND IT'S AS IF HE'S STEPPED OUT INTO DEEP SPACE.
HE'S SEEN THIS SIGHT THOUSANDS OF TIMES BUT IT STILL NEVER FAILS TO AWE HIM.
THE STARS--MASSIVE DOPPLER RED-SHIFT. WE'RE IN WARP-SPACE, NOW MOVING FASTER THAN "SHIP'S" EVER PUSHED HERSELF.
THE MAIN CONSOLE TELLTALES ARE ALL GREEN--THAT'S A RELIEF. AT LEAST THERE'S NOTHING PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH "SHIP" HERSELF.

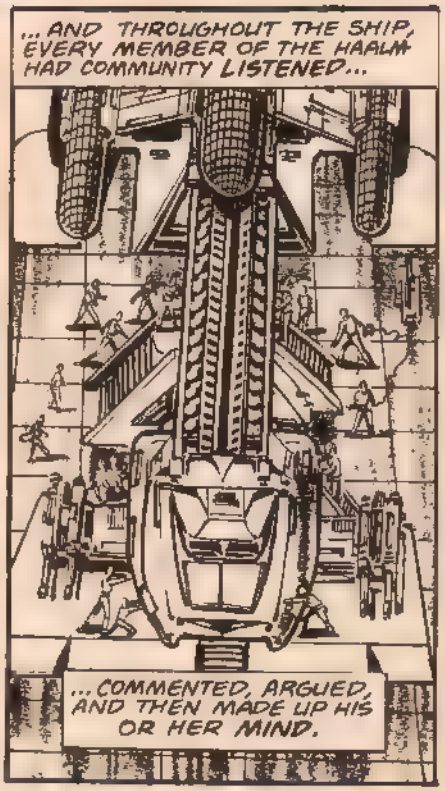

ANYONE HOME? YOU GOING TO TALK TO ME, BABE, OR ARE WE GOING TO KEEP PLAYING GAMES?
ANSWER ME, DAMN YOU! WHAT'S WRONG?!
I...AM SORRY, PETER. IT--I NEEDED A LITTLE TIME TO...AS YOU SAY, PULL MYSELF TOGETHER.
I'M SHIFTING THE HULL OPAQUE, YOUR ANSWERS ARE ON THE HOLOGRAM SCREEN.

IN GRIM, STUNNED SILENCE, PETER WATCHES THE LAST HOURS OF K'YNDAR IV, CALLED BY ITS INHABITANTS CARILLON...
MY SENSORS INDICATE A SECOND INHABITED WORLD IN THAT SYSTEM.
THE HAALMHAD HOMESHIP IS ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE. I THINK THEY MEAN TO DESTROY THAT PLANET AS WELL.

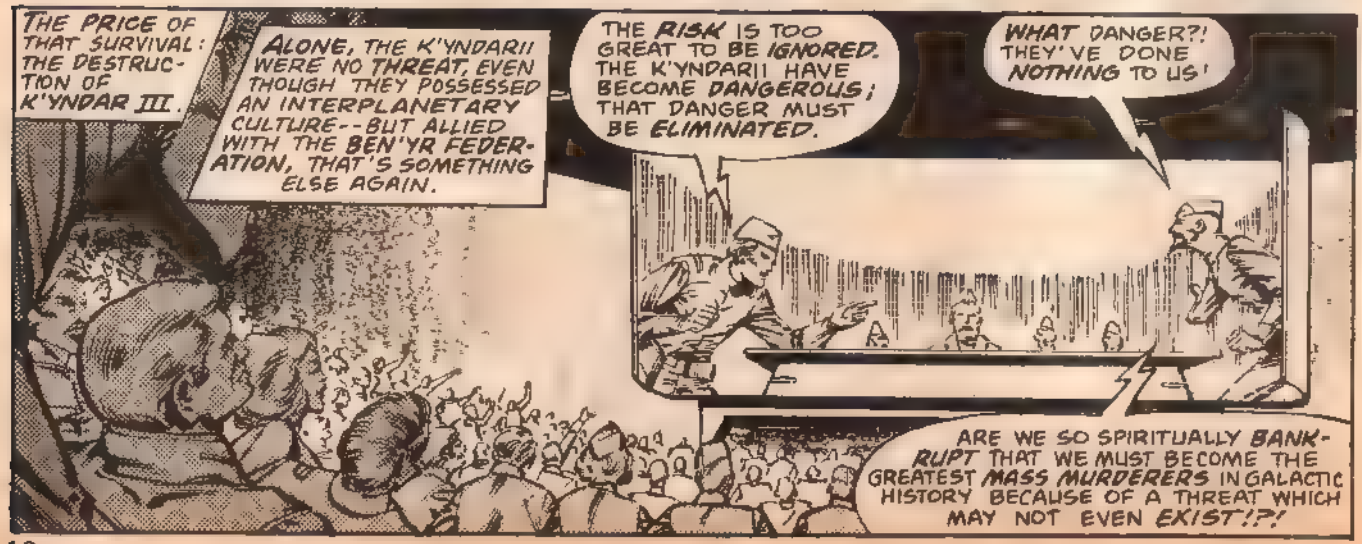

I MEAN TO STOP THEM.
JUST LIKE THAT, "SHIP," DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT YOU'RE GETTING INTO--?!
IT WOULD BREAK MY HEART...
...BUT YOU'LL DO IT JUST THE SAME.
ALL RIGHT, "SHIP", FOR THE TIME BEING--IT'S YOUR SHOW.
I DON'T CARE
PETER, I INTEND TO STOP THE HAALMHAD ANY WAY I CAN, WITH OR WITHOUT YOU. IF YOU GET IN MY WAY, I'LL THROW YOU OUT AND GO ON ALONE.

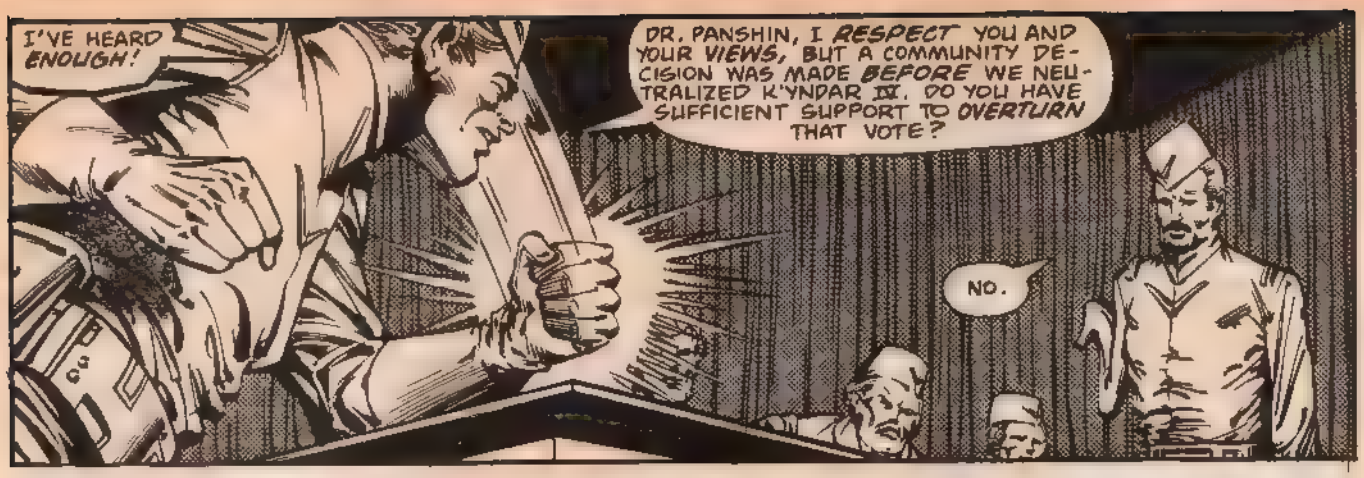

THREE LIGHT-YEARS AWAY, THE HAALMHAD HOMESHIP MOVES MAJESTICALLY THROUGH THE K'YNDAR SYSTEM.
A HUNDRED KILOMETERS LONG, MASSING ALMOST A BILLION METRIC TONS, IT IS A WORLD UNTO ITSELF, AND THE ONLY HOME ITS PEOPLE HAVE EVER KNOWN, OR EVER WANT TO KNOW.
FOR COUNTLESS GENERATIONS IT'S ROAMED THE GALACTIC RIM, TRADING KNOWLEDGE AND TECHNOLOGY FOR THE RAW MATERIALS NECESSARY FOR SURVIVAL. THE HAALMHAD CONSIDER THEMSELVES GOOD PEOPLE, IMPOSING THEIR WORD AS LAW AMONG THE SCATTERED RIM SYSTEMS.

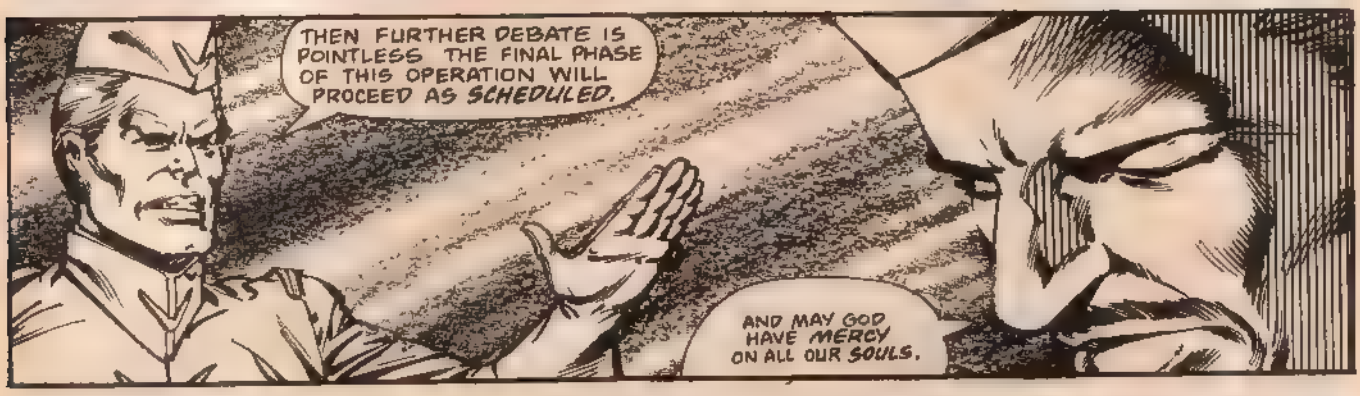

NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THAT LAW IS BEING CHALLENGED.
THE SHIP-WIDE DEBATE HAD BEGUN LONG BEFORE CARILLON'S - DESTRUCTION...

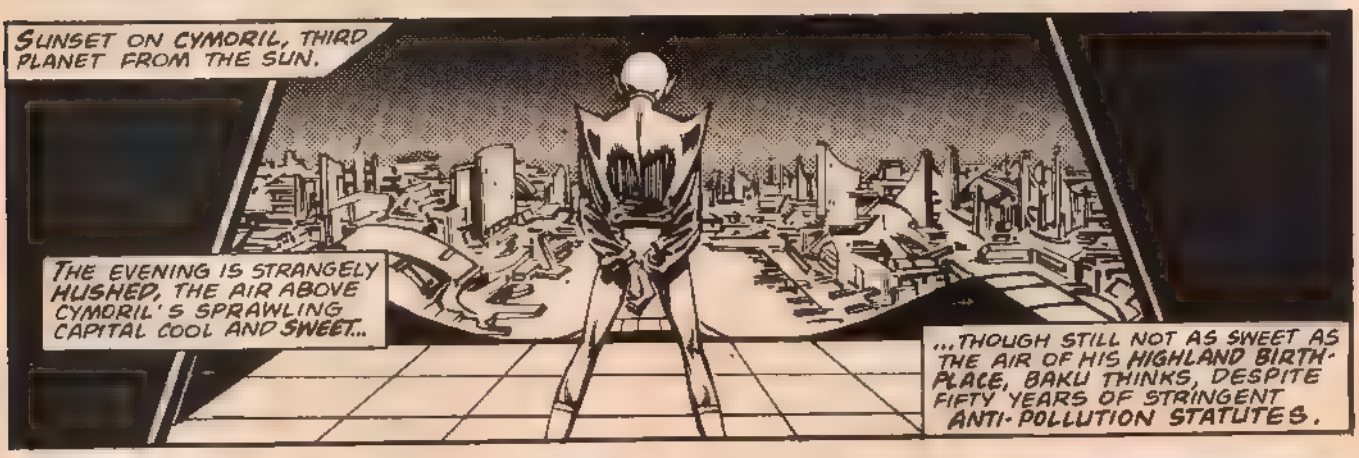

...AND THROUGHOUT THE SHIP, EVERY MEMBER OF THE HAALMHAD COMMUNITY LISTENED...
...COMMENTED, ARGUED, AND THEN MADE UP HIS OR HER MIND.

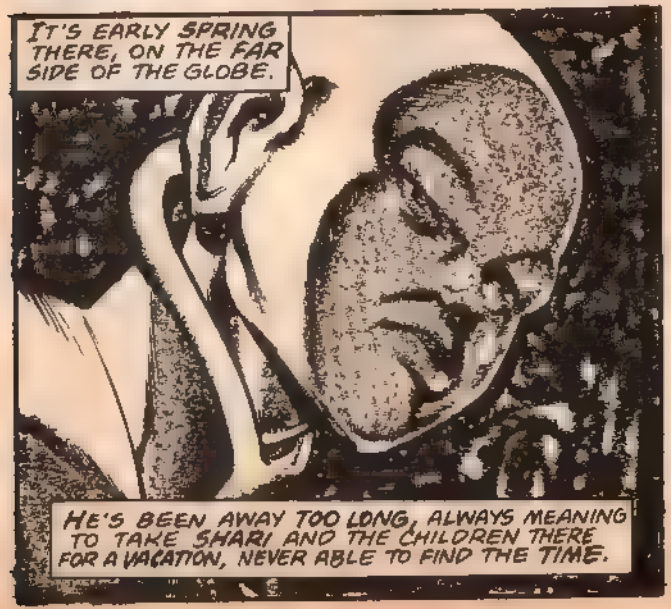
IN A WAY, THIS IS DEMOCRACY'S FINEST HOUR. ALL PARTICIPATE, ALL WILL VOTE, THE FINAL DECISION MADE BY THE COMMUNITY AS A WHOLE.
AT STAKE: THE SURVIVAL OF THE HAALMHAD.

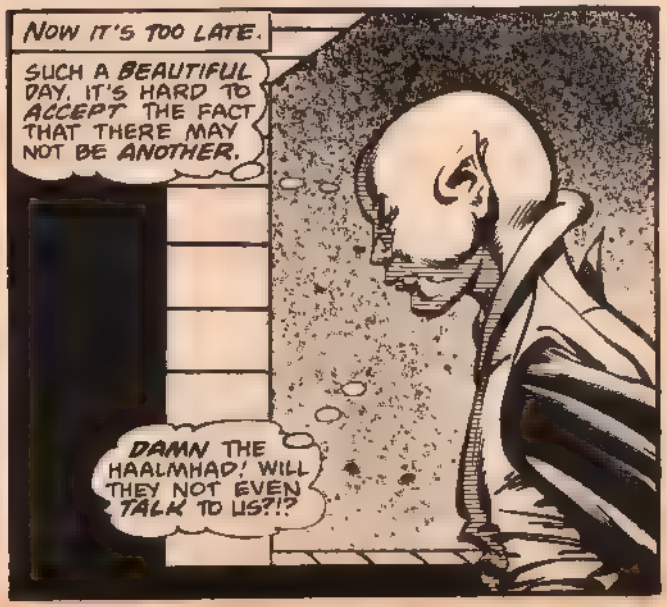

THE PRICE OF THAT SURVIVAL: THE DESTRUCTION OF K'YNDAR III.
ALONE, THE K'YNDARII WERE NO THREAT, EVEN THOUGH THEY POSSESSED AN INTERPLANETARY CULTURE--BUT ALLIED WITH THE BEN'YR FEDERATION, THAT'S SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN.
THE RISK IS TOO GREAT TO BE IGNORED. THE K'YNDARII HAVE BECOME DANGEROUS; THAT DANGER MUST BE ELIMINATED.
WHAT DANGER?! THEY'VE DONE NOTHING TO US!
ARE WE SO SPIRITUALLY BANKRUPT THAT WE MUST BECOME THE GREATEST MASS MURDERERS IN GALACTIC HISTORY BECAUSE OF A THREAT WHICH MAY NOT EVEN EXIST!?!

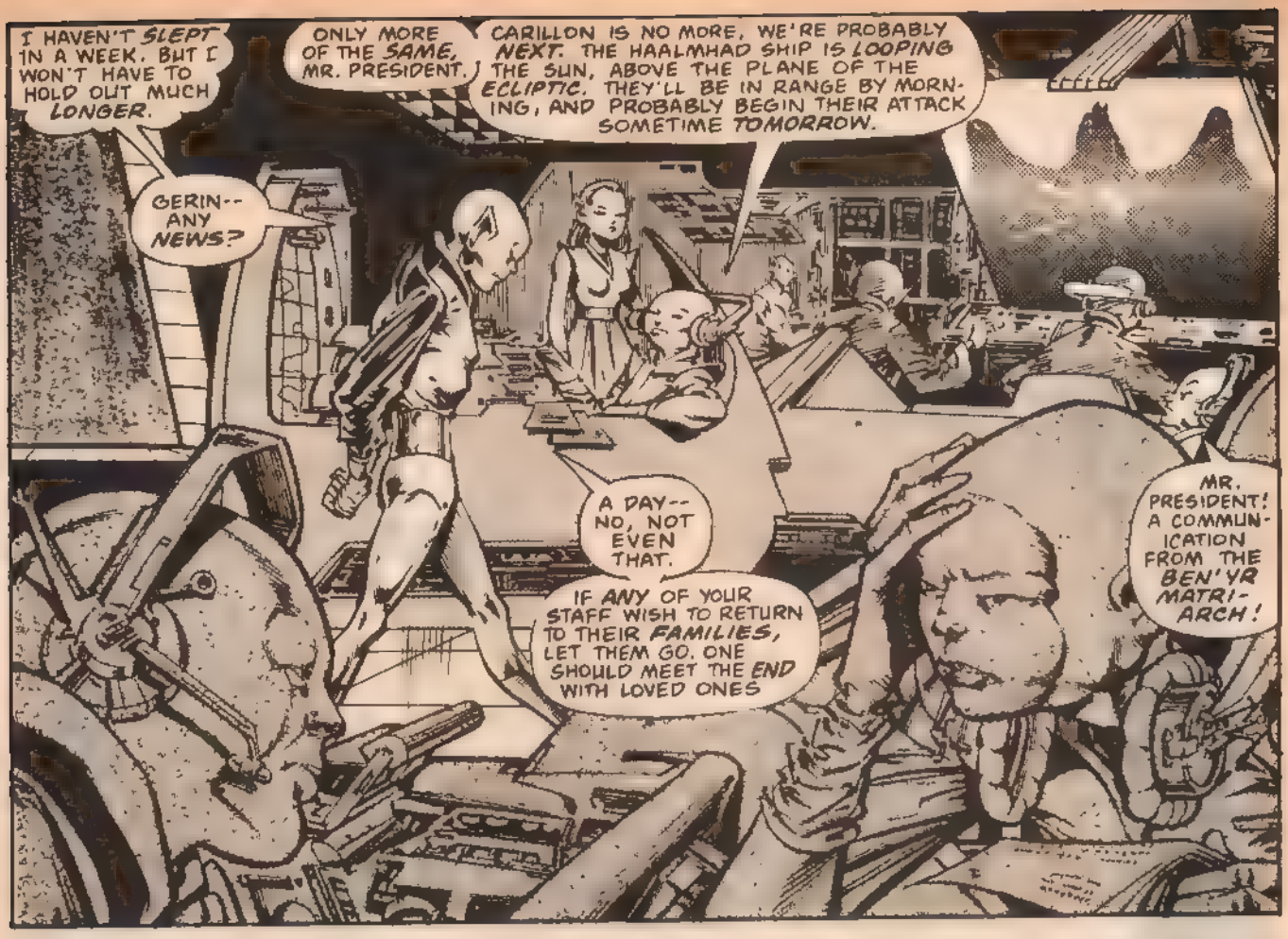

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!
DR. PANSHIN, I RESPECT YOU AND YOUR VIEWS, BUT A COMMUNITY DECISION WAS MADE BEFORE WE NEUTRALIZED K'YNDAR IV. DO YOU HAVE SUFFICIENT SUPPORT TO OVERTURN THAT VOTE?
NO.


THEN FURTHER DEBATE IS POINTLESS. THE FINAL PHASE OF THIS OPERATION WILL PROCEED AS SCHEDULED.
AND MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON ALL OUR SOULS.

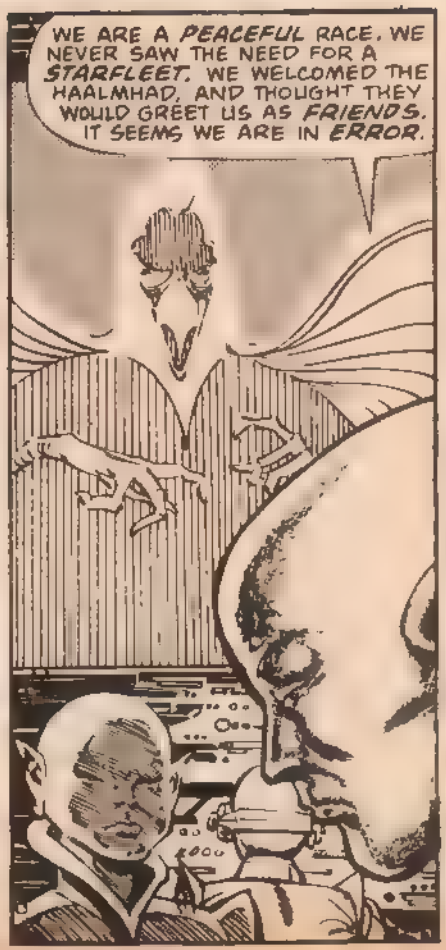

SUNSET ON CYMORIL, THIRD PLANET FROM THE SUN.
THE EVENING IS STRANGELY HUSHED, THE AIR ABOVE CYMORIL'S SPRAWLING CAPITAL COOL AND SWEET...
...THOUGH STILL NOT AS SWEET AS THE AIR OF HIS HIGHLAND BIRTHPLACE, BAKU THINKS, DESPITE FIFTY YEARS OF STRINGENT ANTI-POLLUTION STATUTES.

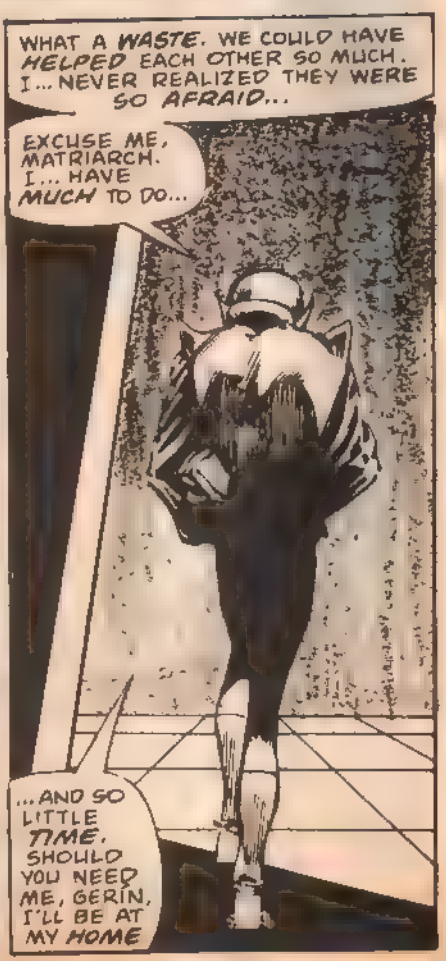

IT'S EARLY SPRING THERE, ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE GLOBE.
HE'S BEEN AWAY TOO LONG, ALWAYS MEANING TO TAKE SHARI AND THE CHILDREN THERE FOR A VACATION, NEVER ABLE TO FIND THE TIME.

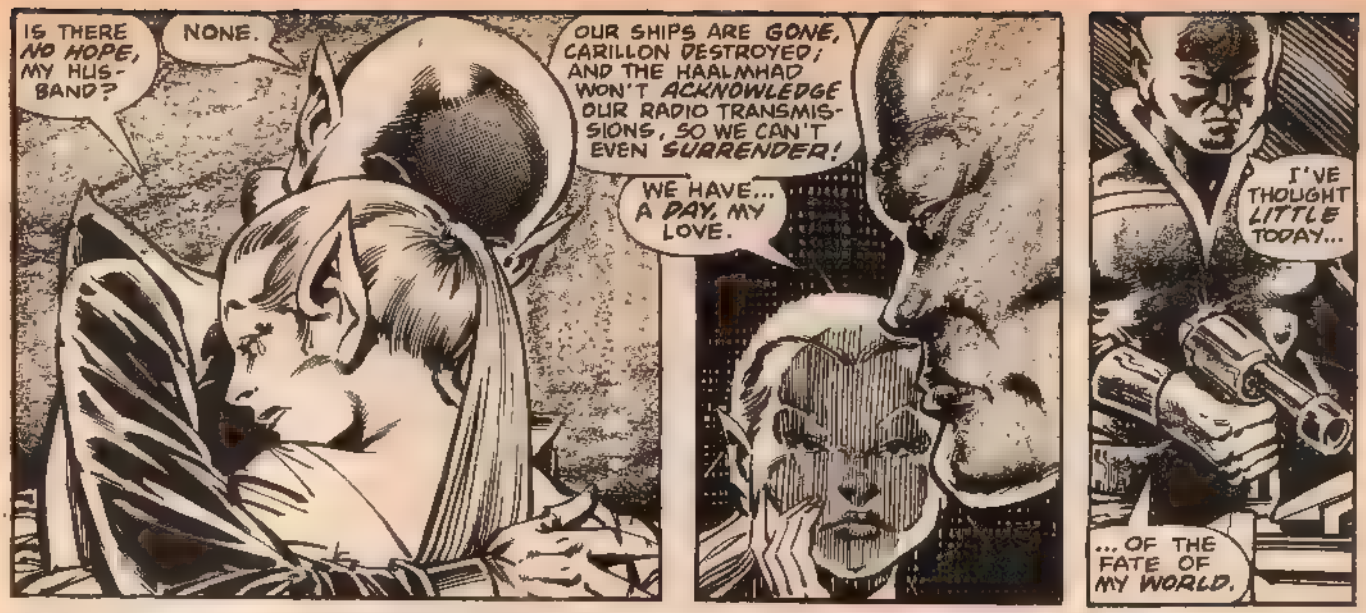

NOW IT'S TOO LATE.
SUCH A BEAUTIFUL DAY. IT'S HARD TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT THERE MAY NOT BE ANOTHER.
DAMN THE HAALMHAD! WILL THEY NOT EVEN TALK TO US?!?

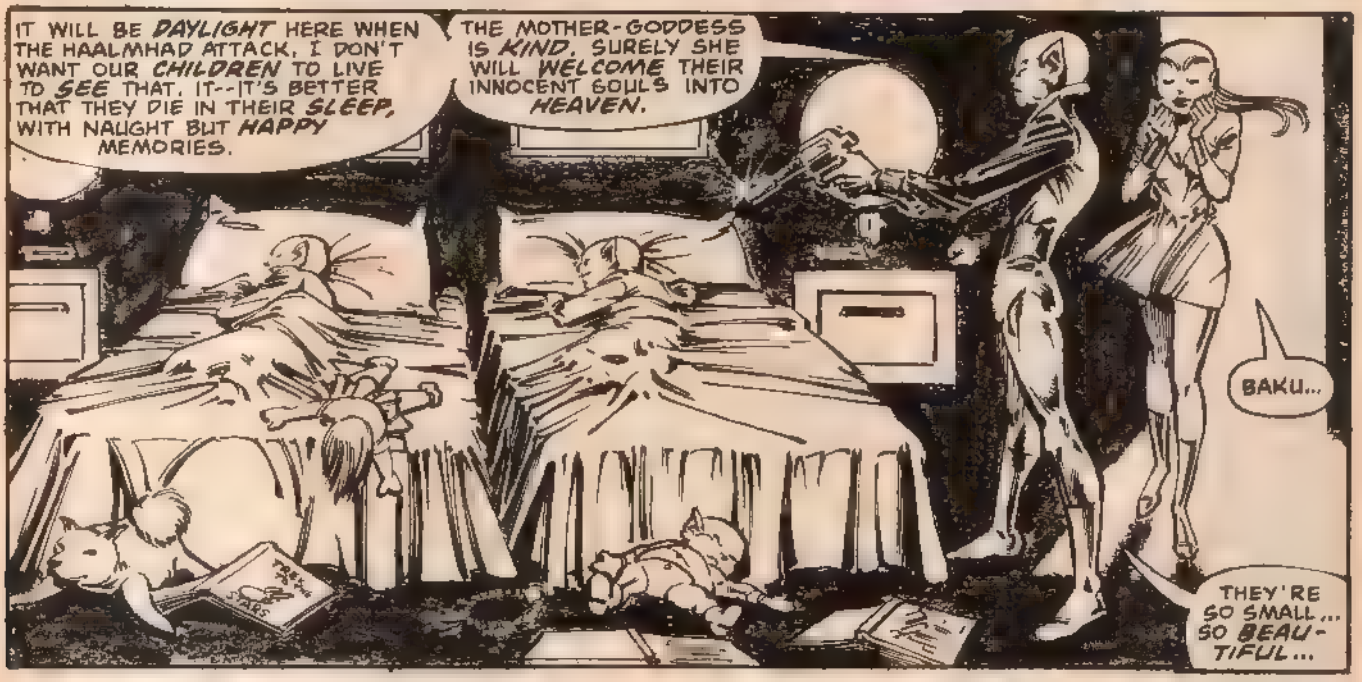

I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN A WEEK. BUT I WON'T HAVE TO HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER.
ONLY MORE OF THE SAME, MR. PRESIDENT.
CARILLON IS NO MORE, WE'RE PROBABLY NEXT. THE HAALMHAD SHIP IS LOOPING THE SUN, ABOVE THE PLANE OF THE ECLIPTIC. THEY'LL BE IN RANGE BY MORNING, AND PROBABLY BEGIN THEIR ATTACK SOMETIME TOMORROW.
GERIN-- ANY NEWS?
A DAY-- NO, NOT EVEN THAT.
IF ANY OF YOUR STAFF WISH TO RETURN TO THEIR FAMILIES, LET THEM GO. ONE SHOULD MEET THE END WITH LOVED ONES
MR. PRESIDENT! A COMMUNICATION FROM THE BEN'YR MATRIARCH!

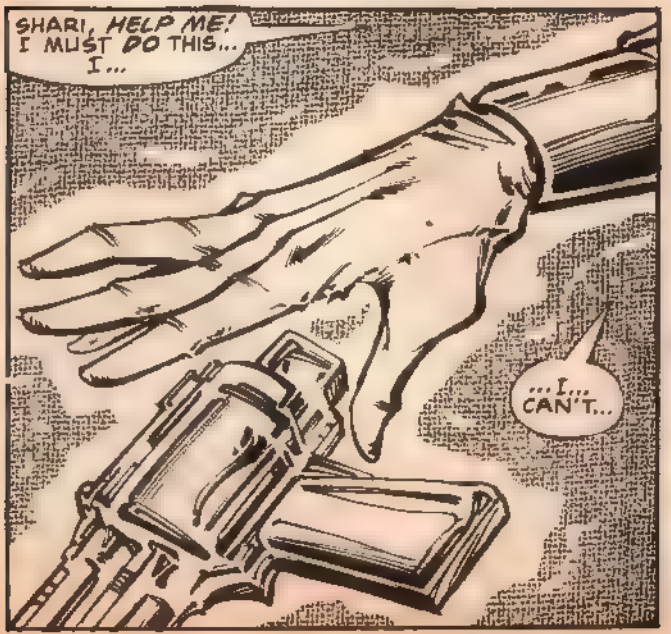
GOOD MORROW, BAKU. ARE THINGS AS BAD AS THE REPORTS SAY?
MORNING TO YOU, MATRIARCH, BUT SUNSET TO US. AND THE REPORTS ARE TRUE.
I FEAR WE WILL NOT TALK AGAIN.


WE ARE A PEACEFUL RACE. WE NEVER SAW THE NEED FOR A STARFLEET. WE WELCOMED THE HAALMHAD, AND THOUGHT THEY WOULD GREET US AS FRIENDS. IT SEEMS WE ARE IN ERROR.

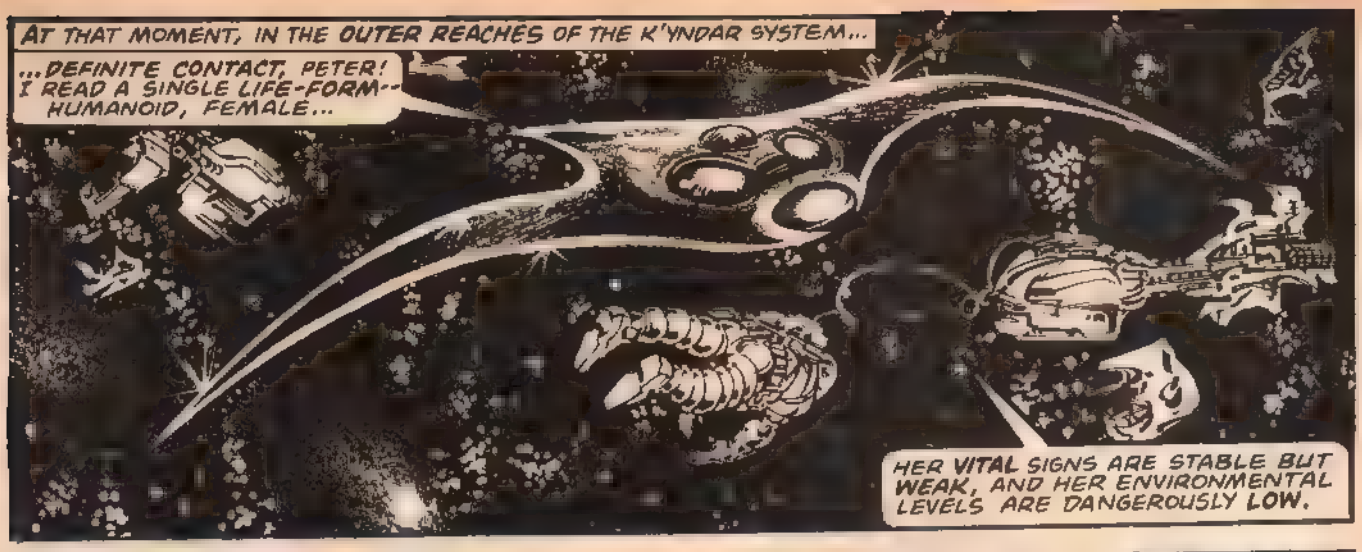

WHAT A WASTE. WE COULD HAVE HELPED EACH OTHER SO MUCH. I... NEVER REALIZED THEY WERE SO AFRAID...
EXCUSE ME, MATRIARCH. I... HAVE MUCH TO DO...
...AND SO LITTLE TIME. SHOULD YOU NEED ME, GERIN, I'LL BE AT MY HOME

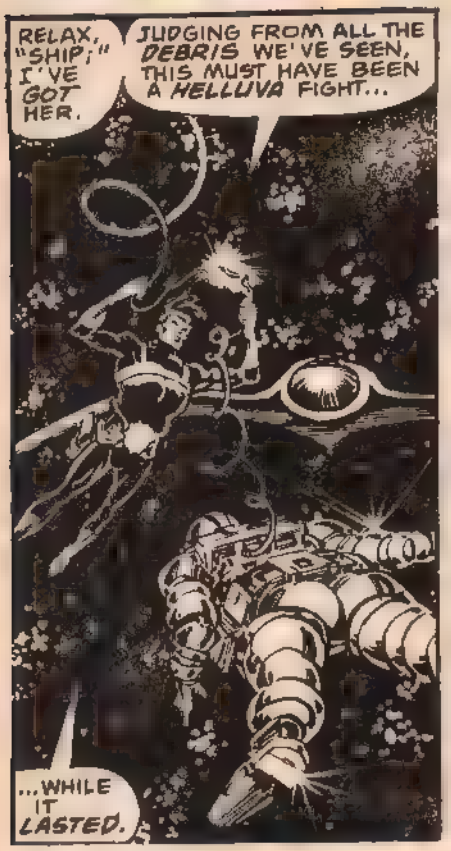

IS THERE NO HOPE, MY HUSBAND?
NONE.
OUR SHIPS ARE GONE, CARILLON DESTROYED; AND THE HAALMHAD WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE OUR RADIO TRANSMISSIONS, SO WE CAN'T EVEN SURRENDER!
WE HAVE... A DAY, MY LOVE.
I'VE THOUGHT LITTLE TODAY...
...OF THE FATE OF MY WORLD.

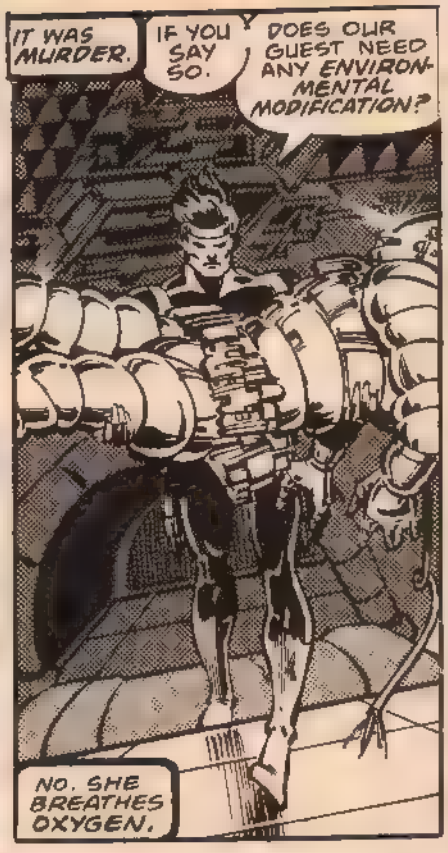

IT WILL BE DAYLIGHT HERE WHEN THE HAALMHAD ATTACK. I DON'T WANT OUR CHILDREN TO LIVE TO SEE THAT. IT--IT'S BETTER THAT THEY DIE IN THEIR SLEEP, WITH NAUGHT BUT HAPPY MEMORIES.
THE MOTHER-GODDESS IS KIND. SURELY SHE WILL WELCOME THEIR INNOCENT SOULS INTO HEAVEN.
BAKU...
THEY'RE SO SMALL... SO BEAUTIFUL...


SHARI, HELP ME! I MUST DO THIS... I...
...I... CAN'T...

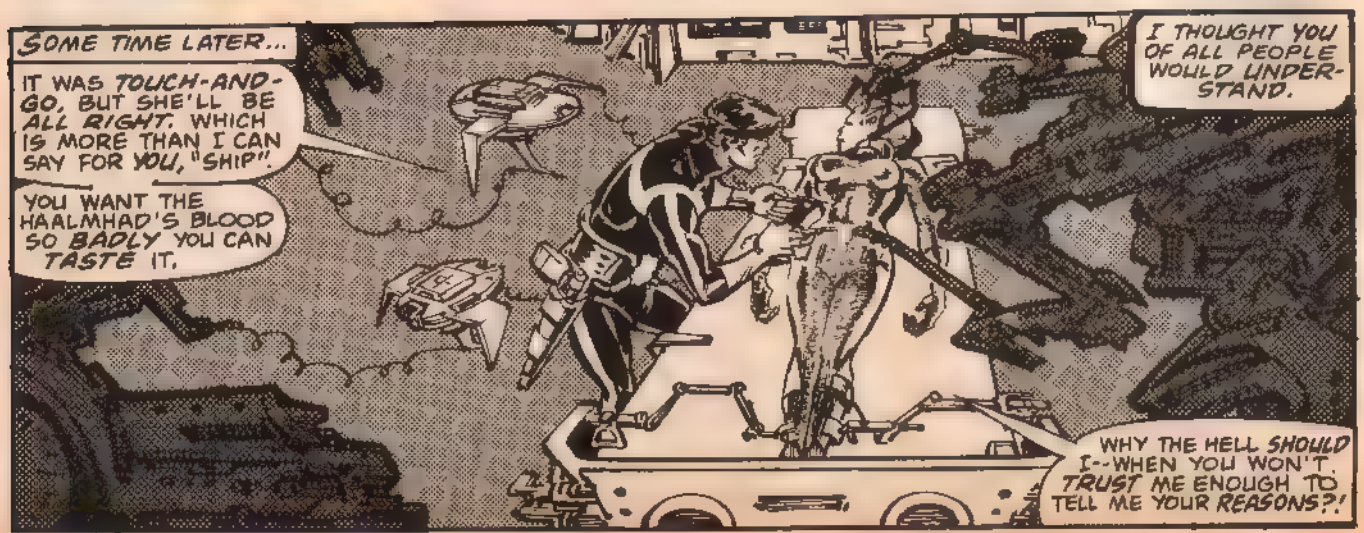
WEEP, MY DEAREST ONE. LET ME COMFORT YOU.
WE YET LIVE, BAKU, AND WHILE WE LIVE, WE HAVE HOPE. THE TWO BLESSINGS ARE HANDMAIDENS.
AND IF DEATH COMES TO CLAIM US, WE FOUR WILL MEET IT TOGETHER.

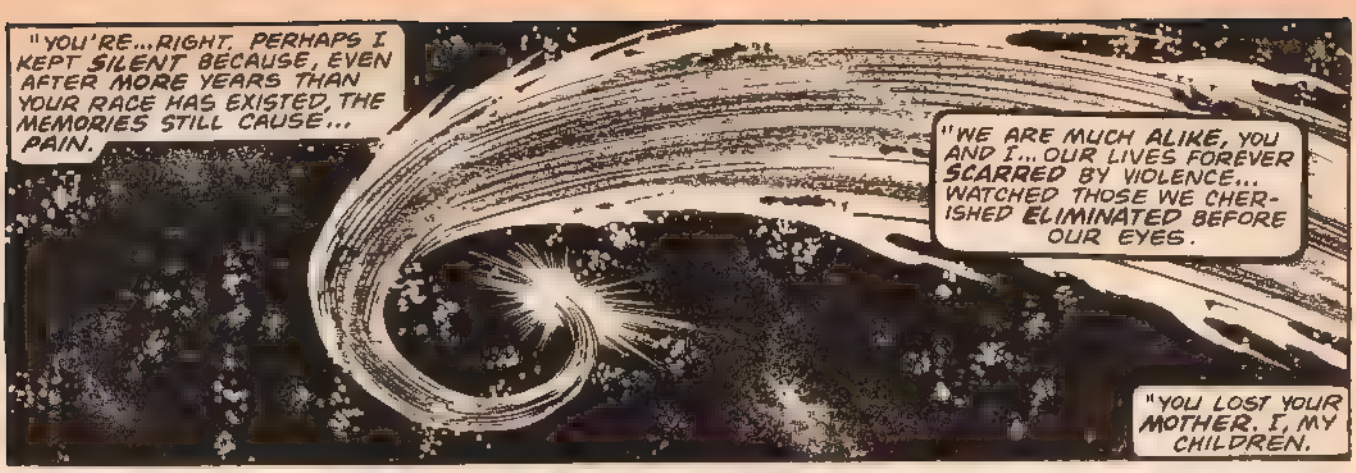

AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE OUTER REACHES OF THE K'YNDAR SYSTEM...
...DEFINITE CONTACT, PETER! I READ A SINGLE LIFE-FORM-- HUMANOID, FEMALE...
HER VITAL SIGNS ARE STABLE BUT WEAK, AND HER ENVIRONMENTAL LEVELS ARE DANGEROUSLY LOW.


RELAX, "SHIP;" I'VE GOT HER.
JUDGING FROM ALL THE DEBRIS WE'VE SEEN, THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A HELLUVA FIGHT...
...WHILE IT LASTED.


IT WAS MURDER.
IF YOU SAY SO.
DOES OUR GUEST NEED ANY ENVIRONMENTAL MODIFICATION?
NO. SHE BREATHES OXYGEN.

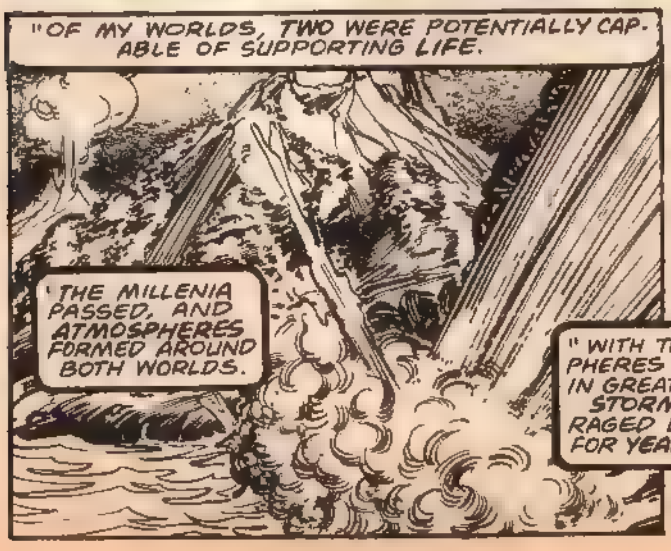
OKAY, THEN. IT'S OFF WITH HER SUIT...
...AND TIME I GOT TO WORK.

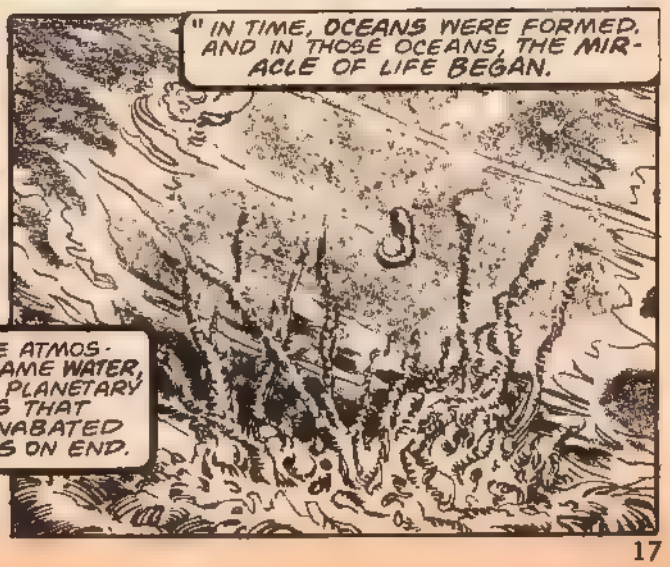

SOME TIME LATER...
IT WAS TOUCH-AND-GO, BUT SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT. WHICH IS MORE THAN I CAN SAY FOR YOU, "SHIP".
YOU WANT THE HAALMHAD'S BLOOD SO BADLY YOU CAN TASTE IT.
I THOUGHT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE WOULD UNDERSTAND.
WHY THE HELL SHOULD I--WHEN YOU WON'T TRUST ME ENOUGH TO TELL ME YOUR REASONS?!

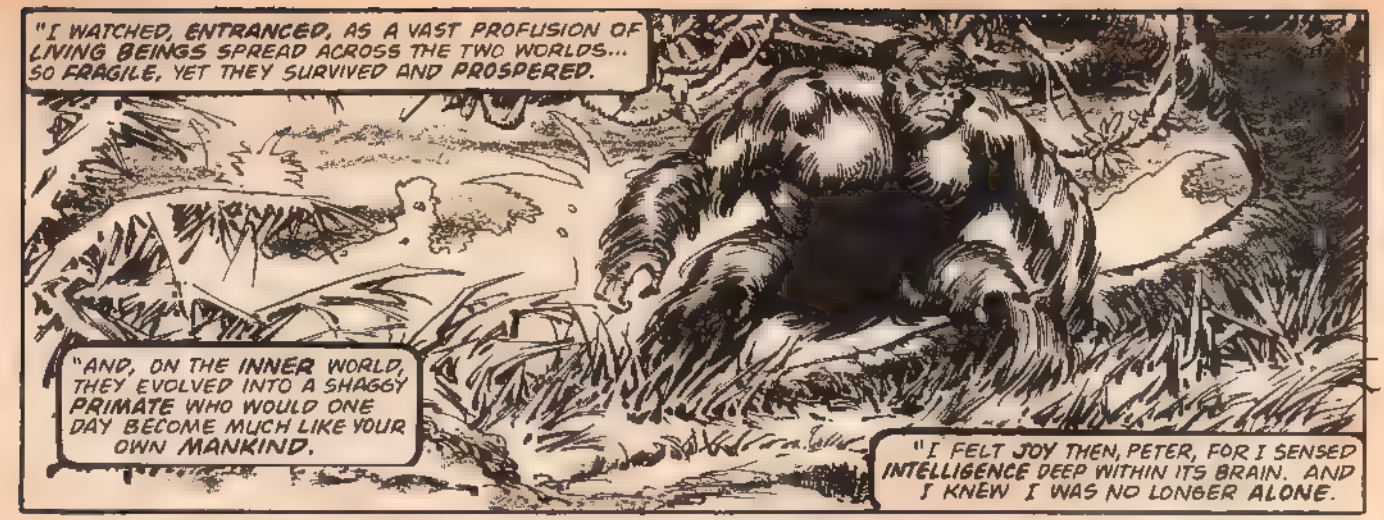

"YOU'RE...RIGHT. PERHAPS I KEPT SILENT BECAUSE, EVEN AFTER MORE YEARS THAN YOUR RACE HAS EXISTED, THE MEMORIES STILL CAUSE... PAIN.
"WE ARE MUCH ALIKE, YOU AND I... OUR LIVES FOREVER SCARRED BY VIOLENCE... WATCHED THOSE WE CHERISHED ELIMINATED BEFORE OUR EYES.
"YOU LOST YOUR MOTHER. I, MY CHILDREN.

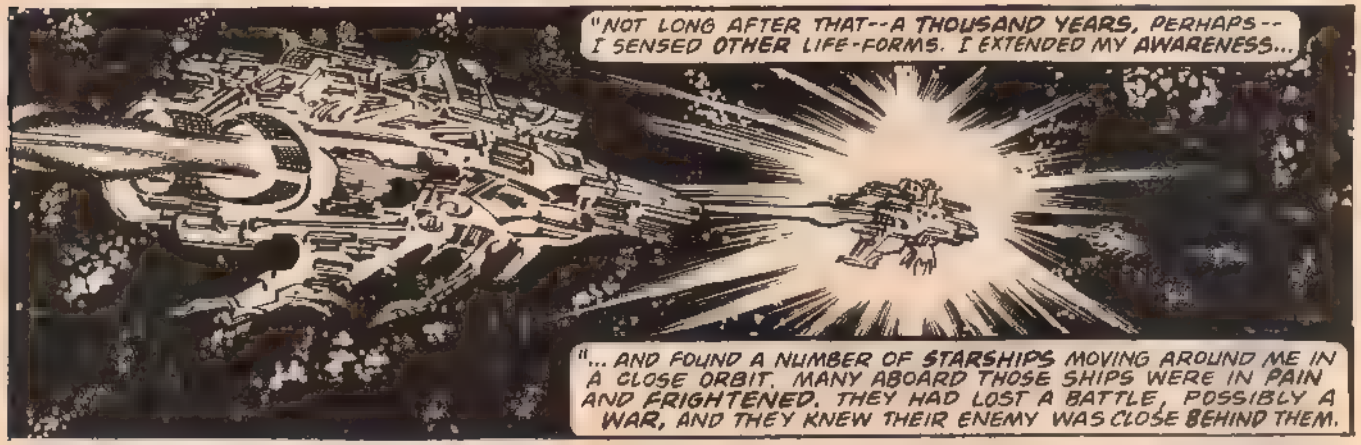
"AND YET, WE ARE AS DIFFERENT AS ANY TWO BEINGS CAN BE.
"YOU ARE A MAN.
"I, ONCE UPON A TIME, A LONG, LONG TIME AGO, WAS A STAR.

"LIKE YOUR SOL, I WAS A YELLOW DWARF, AND MY SYSTEM HELD ELEVEN PLANETS. LIKE ALL LIVING THINGS, I SAW NOTHING PARTICULARLY SPECIAL IN MY BEING... AWARE.
"I WAS; THEREFORE I THOUGHT. I EXISTED I FELT. TO ME, THAT WAS THE NATURAL ORDER OF THINGS


"OF MY WORLDS, TWO WERE POTENTIALLY CAPABLE OF SUPPORTING LIFE.
"THE MILLENIA PASSED, AND ATMOSPHERES FORMED AROUND BOTH WORLDS.
"WITH THE ATMOSPHERES CAME WATER, IN GREAT PLANETARY STORMS THAT RAGED UNABATED FOR YEARS ON END.


"IN TIME, OCEANS WERE FORMED. AND IN THOSE OCEANS, THE MIRACLE OF LIFE BEGAN.

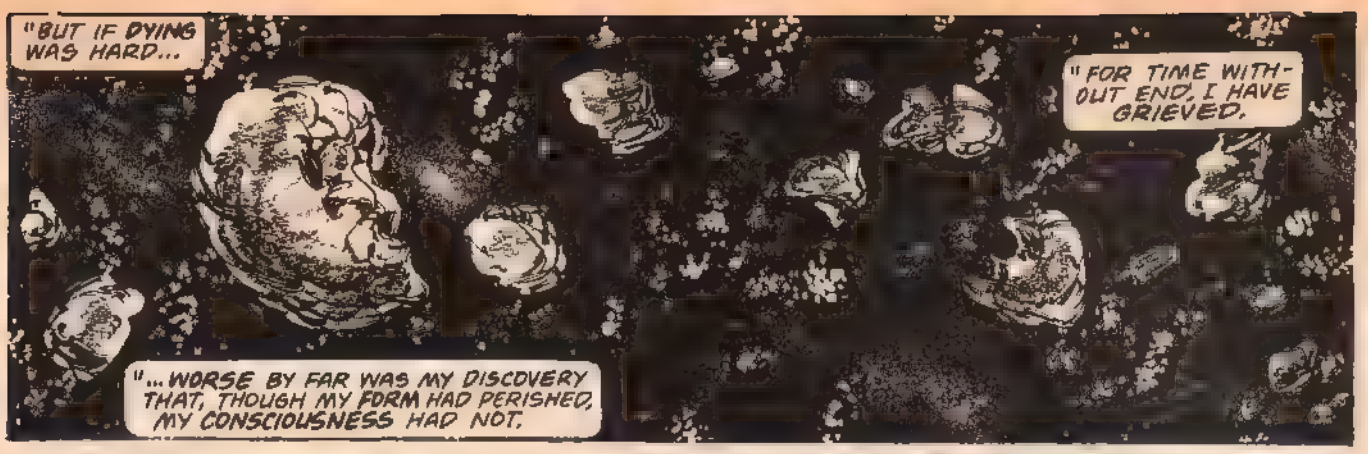

"I WATCHED, ENTRANCED, AS A VAST PROFUSION OF LIVING BEINGS SPREAD ACROSS THE TWO WORLDS... SO FRAGILE, YET THEY SURVIVED AND PROSPERED.
"AND, ON THE INNER WORLD, THEY EVOLVED INTO A SHAGGY PRIMATE WHO WOULD ONE DAY BECOME MUCH LIKE YOUR OWN MANKIND.
"I FELT JOY THEN, PETER, FOR I SENSED INTELLIGENCE DEEP WITHIN ITS BRAIN. AND I KNEW I WAS NO LONGER ALONE.

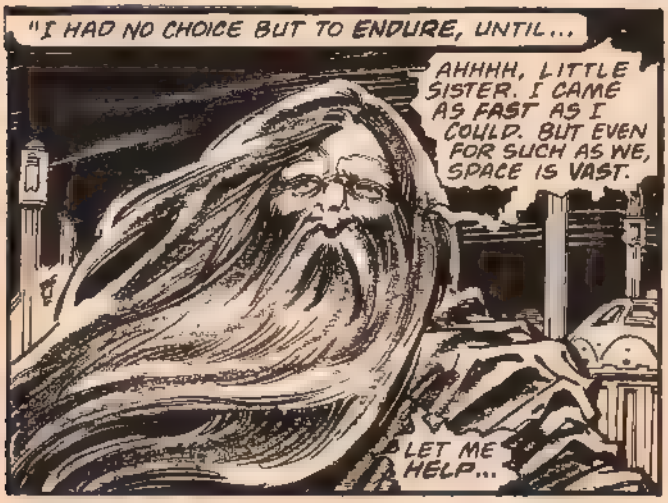

"NOT LONG AFTER THAT--A THOUSAND YEARS, PERHAPS-- I SENSED OTHER LIFE-FORMS. I EXTENDED MY AWARENESS...
"... AND FOUND A NUMBER OF STARSHIPS MOVING AROUND ME IN A CLOSE ORBIT. MANY ABOARD THOSE SHIPS WERE IN PAIN AND FRIGHTENED. THEY HAD LOST A BATTLE, POSSIBLY A WAR, AND THEY KNEW THEIR ENEMY WAS CLOSE BEHIND THEM.

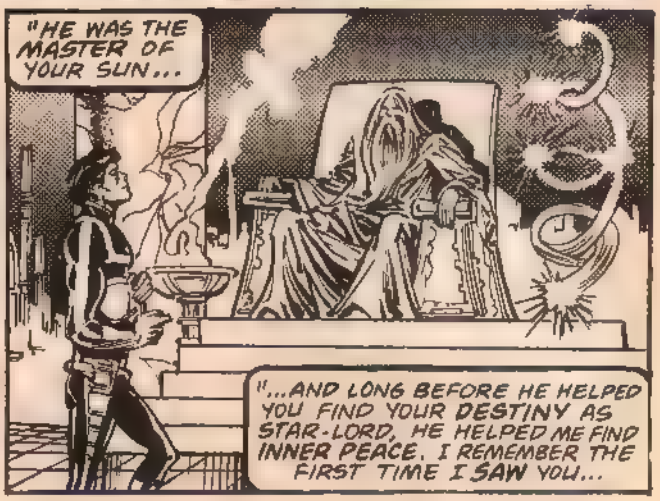
"IT WAS FAR CLOSER THAN THEY THOUGHT.
"AS THE CRIPPLED FLEET BEGAN ITS RUN FOR HOME, I SENSED ANOTHER CRAFT APPROACHING FROM MY OPPOSITE HEMISPHERE, HIDDEN FROM THE STARSHIPS BY MY BULK.
"I FELT DANGER. I WANTED TO CRY A WARNING!

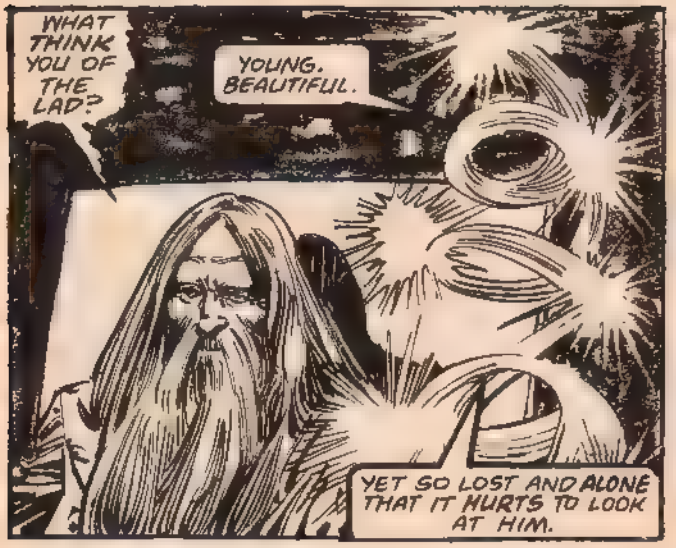
"BUT WHAT MAN CAN COMPREHEND THE LANGUAGE OF A STAR?
"AN OBJECT WAS LAUNCHED FROM THE ATTACKING SHIP, AIMED NOT AT THE FLEEING STARFLEET...
"... BUT AT ME.

"THE WEAPON PLUNGED TO MY CORE, AND THERE IT DETONATED
"AND I DIED
"SOMEHOW, THE DEVICE FORCED ME TO DESTROY MYSELF, TO CONSUME TWENTY BILLION YEARS OF STELLAR FUEL IN A MATTER OF SECONDS. I FOUGHT THE CHANGE AS HARD, AS LONG, AS I COULD...
"...AND THEN, WITH A MINDLESS CRY OF RAGE AND GRIEF, I WENT SUPER-NOVA.
IT WAS OVER QUICKLY. THE FLEET DIED A NANO-SECOND AFTER I DID AND WITH THOSE SHIPS, SO DIED MY DARLING CHIL-DREN, MY WORLDS.
"A REGRETTABLE ACT, TO BE SURE, THE VICTORS SAID AMID THEIR CHEERS, BUT GIVEN THE MILITARY AND POLITICAL CONTEXT OF THE SITUATION, A MATTER OF NECESSITY.

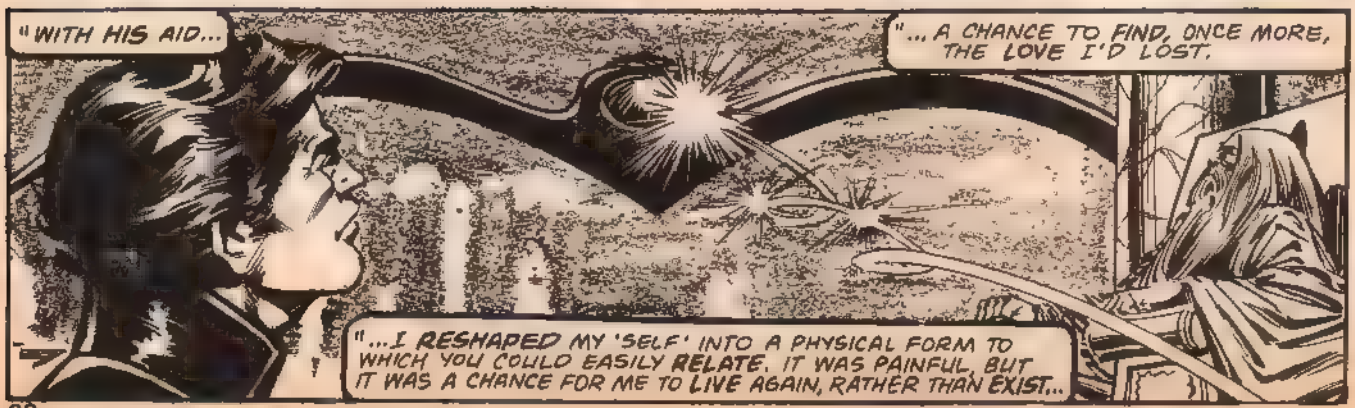

"BUT IF DYING WAS HARD...
"FOR TIME WITHOUT END, I HAVE GRIEVED.
"...WORSE BY FAR WAS MY DISCOVERY THAT, THOUGH MY FORM HAD PERISHED, MY CONSCIOUSNESS HAD NOT.


"I HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO ENDURE, UNTIL...
AHHHH, LITTLE SISTER. I CAME AS FAST AS I COULD. BUT EVEN FOR SUCH AS WE, SPACE IS VAST.
LET ME HELP...

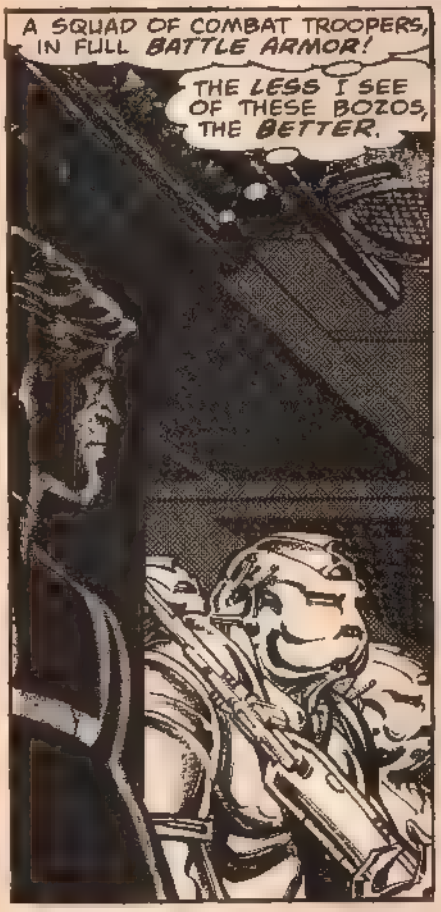

"HE WAS THE MASTER OF YOUR SUN...
"...AND LONG BEFORE HE HELPED YOU FIND YOUR DESTINY AS STAR-LORD, HE HELPED ME FIND INNER PEACE. I REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME I SAW YOU...


WHAT THINK YOU OF THE LAD?
YOUNG. BEAUTIFUL.
YET SO LOST AND ALONE THAT IT HURTS TO LOOK AT HIM.

HE'S LIKE ME, ISN'T HE?
I CAN'T... EXPLAIN IT, BUT I KNOW THAT HE... NEEDS ME, AS I NEED HIM.
THEN TO WAIT IS A SIN. GO TO HIM.

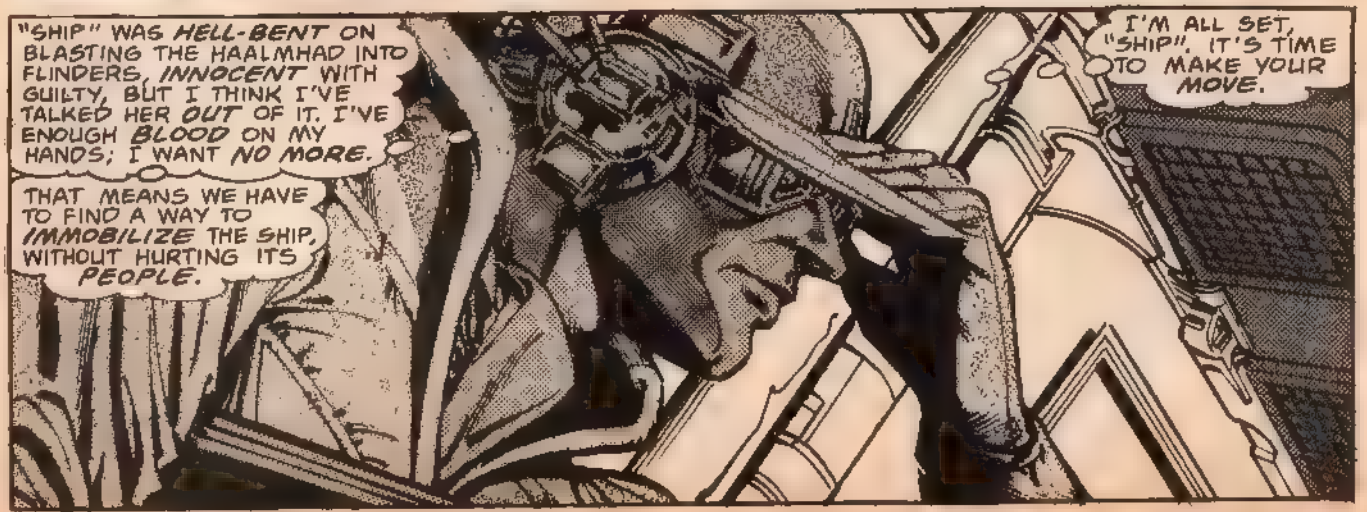

"WITH HIS AID...
"...A CHANCE TO FIND, ONCE MORE, THE LOVE I'D LOST.
"...I RESHAPED MY 'SELF' INTO A PHYSICAL FORM TO WHICH YOU COULD EASILY RELATE. IT WAS PAINFUL, BUT IT WAS A CHANCE FOR ME TO LIVE AGAIN, RATHER THAN EXIST...

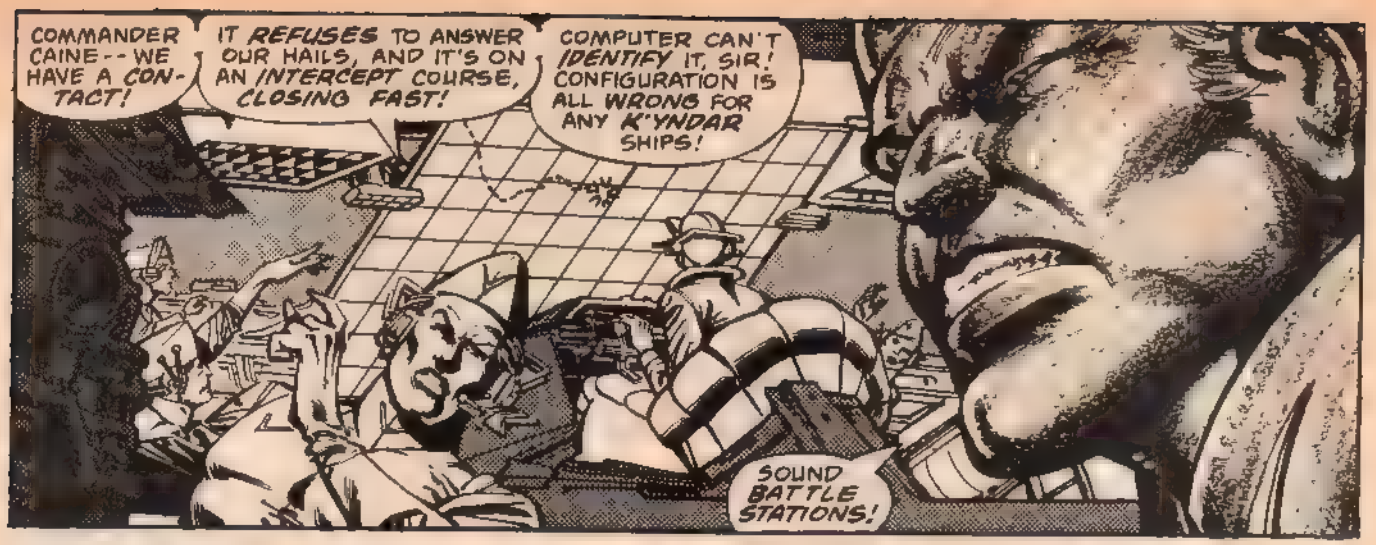
TIME PASSES, AND, VENTURING ABOARD AN EXTREMITY OF THE HAALMHAD HOMESHIP...
EVERYTHING WAS RELATIVELY SERENE FOR "SHIP" UNTIL THIS MESS REARED ITS UGLY HEAD. THE PARALLELS ARE TOO CLOSE TO HER OWN... MURDER ... FOR HER TO IGNORE.
I DO UNDERSTAND, BABE. I JUST WISH YOU'D TOLD ME SOONER.
SO FAR, SO GOOD. THE CORRIDOR'S DESERTED, BUT USING THE EMERGENCY AIRLOCK IS BOUND TO RAISE A RUCKUS ON SOMEBODY'S SECURITY BOARD.

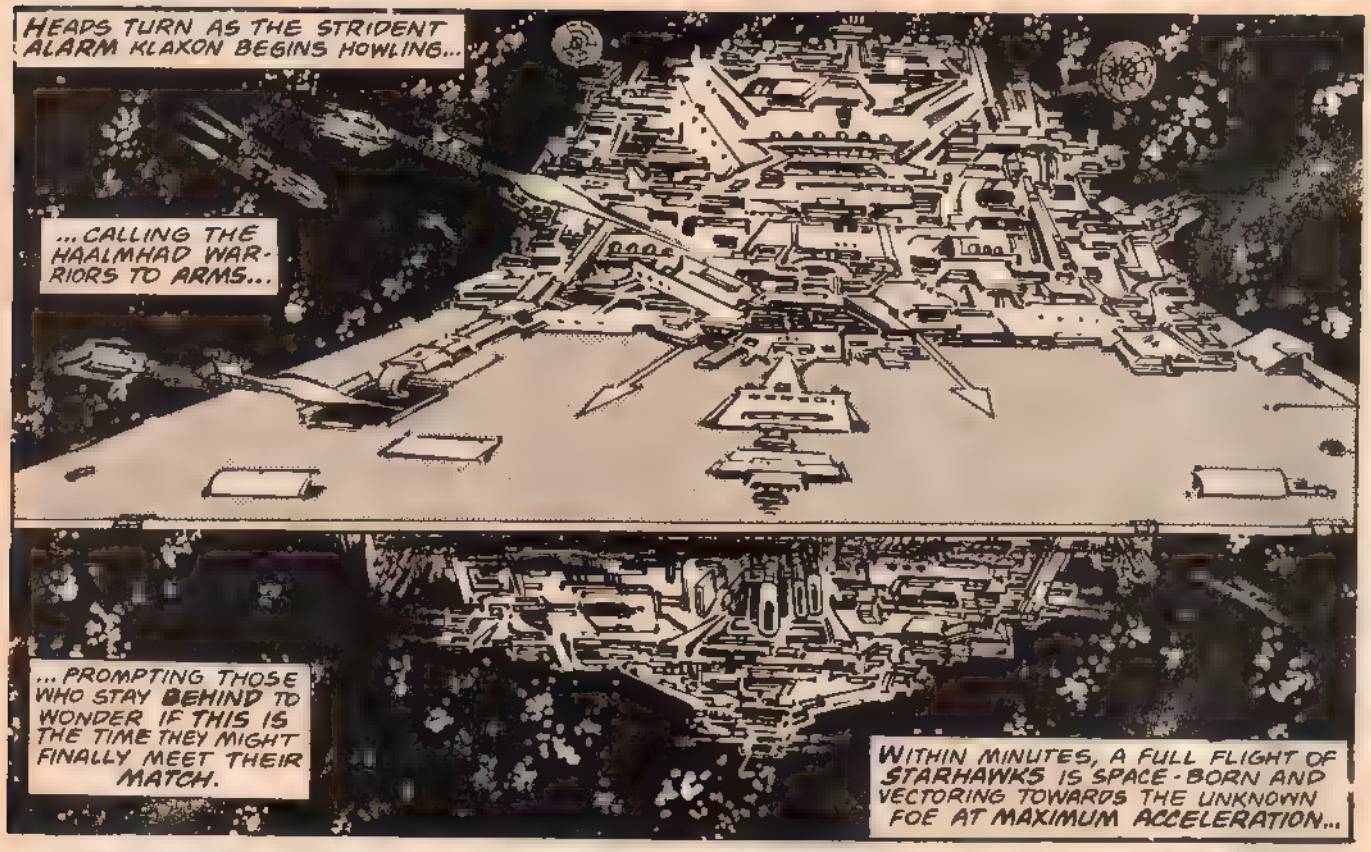

A SQUAD OF COMBAT TROOPERS, IN FULL BATTLE ARMOR!
THE LESS I SEE OF THESE BOZOS, THE BETTER.

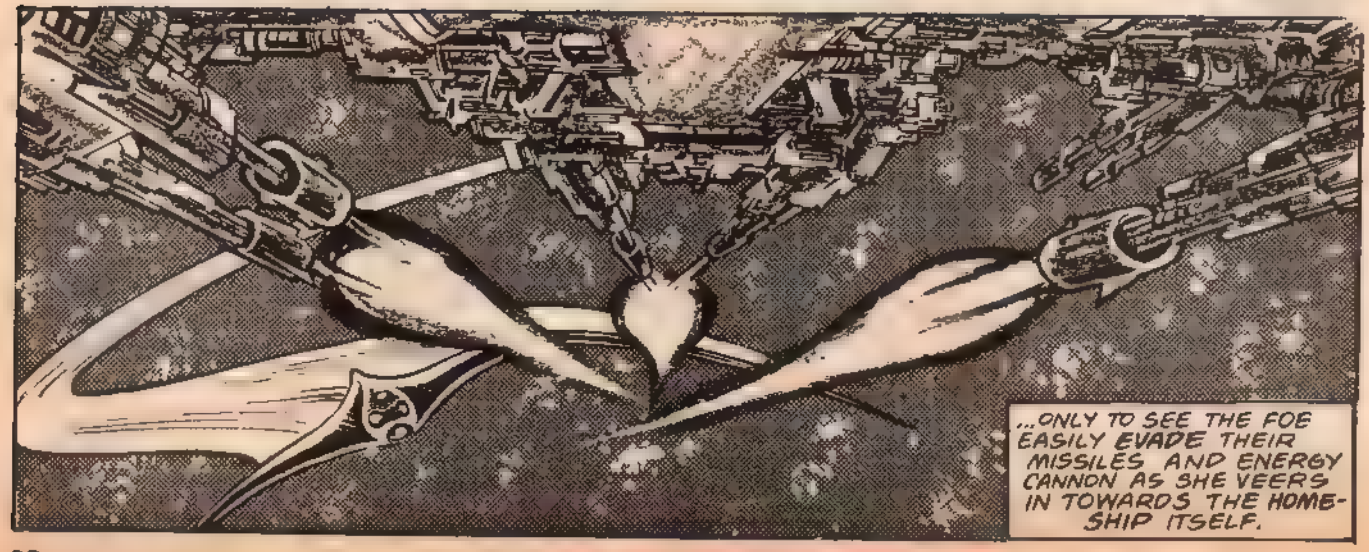
I NEED SOME CAMOUFLAGE BEFORE I HEAD ANY DEEPER INTO THE SHIP.
AND THIS OFFICER LOOKS MADE TO ORDER.

PLEASANT DREAMS, MAJOR.
BOK!
UNNNGNH!


"SHIP" WAS HELL-BENT ON BLASTING THE HAALMHAD INTO FLINDERS, INNOCENT WITH GUILTY, BUT I THINK I'VE TALKED HER OUT OF IT. I'VE ENOUGH BLOOD ON MY HANDS; I WANT NO MORE.
THAT MEANS WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO IMMOBILIZE THE SHIP, WITHOUT HURTING ITS PEOPLE.
I'M ALL SET, "SHIP". IT'S TIME TO MAKE YOUR MOVE.


COMMANDER CAINE--WE HAVE A CONTACT!
IT REFUSES TO ANSWER OUR HAILS, AND IT'S ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE, CLOSING FAST!
COMPUTER CAN'T IDENTIFY IT, SIR! CONFIGURATION IS ALL WRONG FOR ANY K'YNDAR SHIPS!
SOUND BATTLE STATIONS!

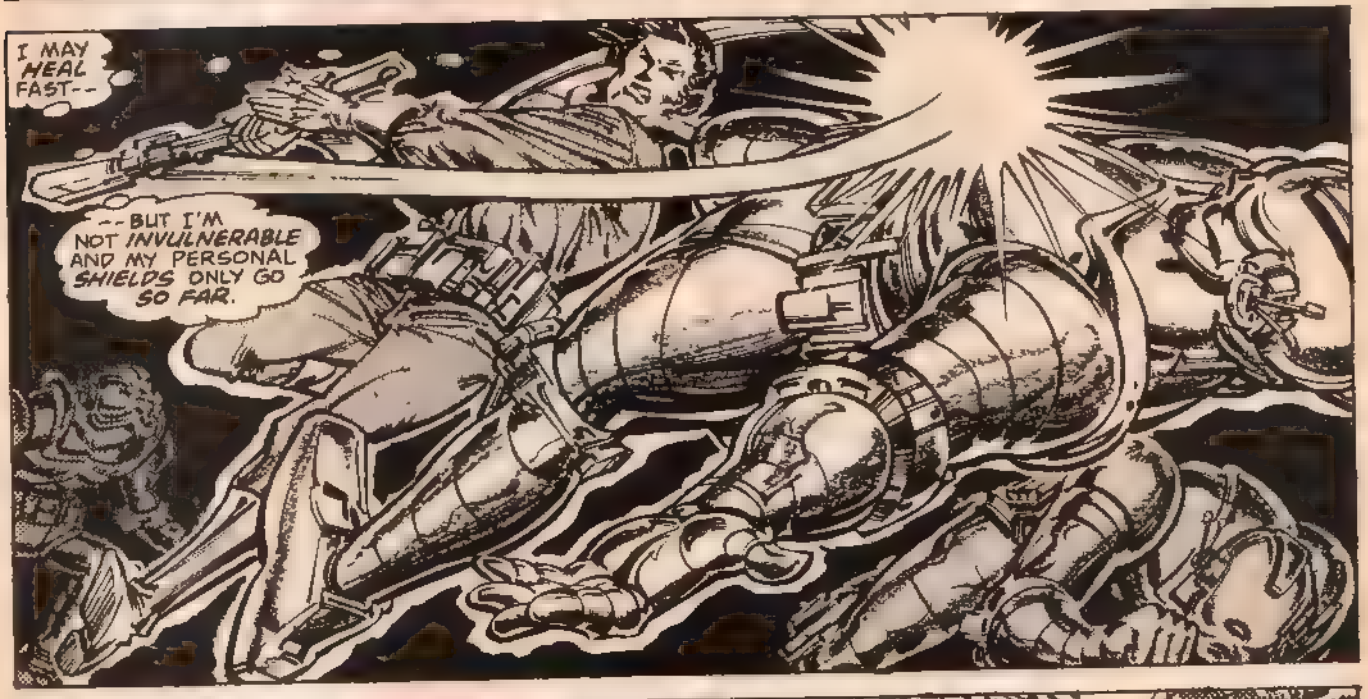

HEADS TURN AS THE STRIDENT ALARM KLAXON BEGINS HOWLING...
...CALLING THE HAALMHAD WARRIORS TO ARMS...
...PROMPTING THOSE WHO STAY BEHIND TO WONDER IF THIS IS THE TIME THEY MIGHT FINALLY MEET THEIR MATCH.
WITHIN MINUTES, A FULL FLIGHT OF STARHAWKS IS SPACE-BORN AND VECTORING TOWARDS THE UNKNOWN FOE AT MAXIMUM ACCELERATION...

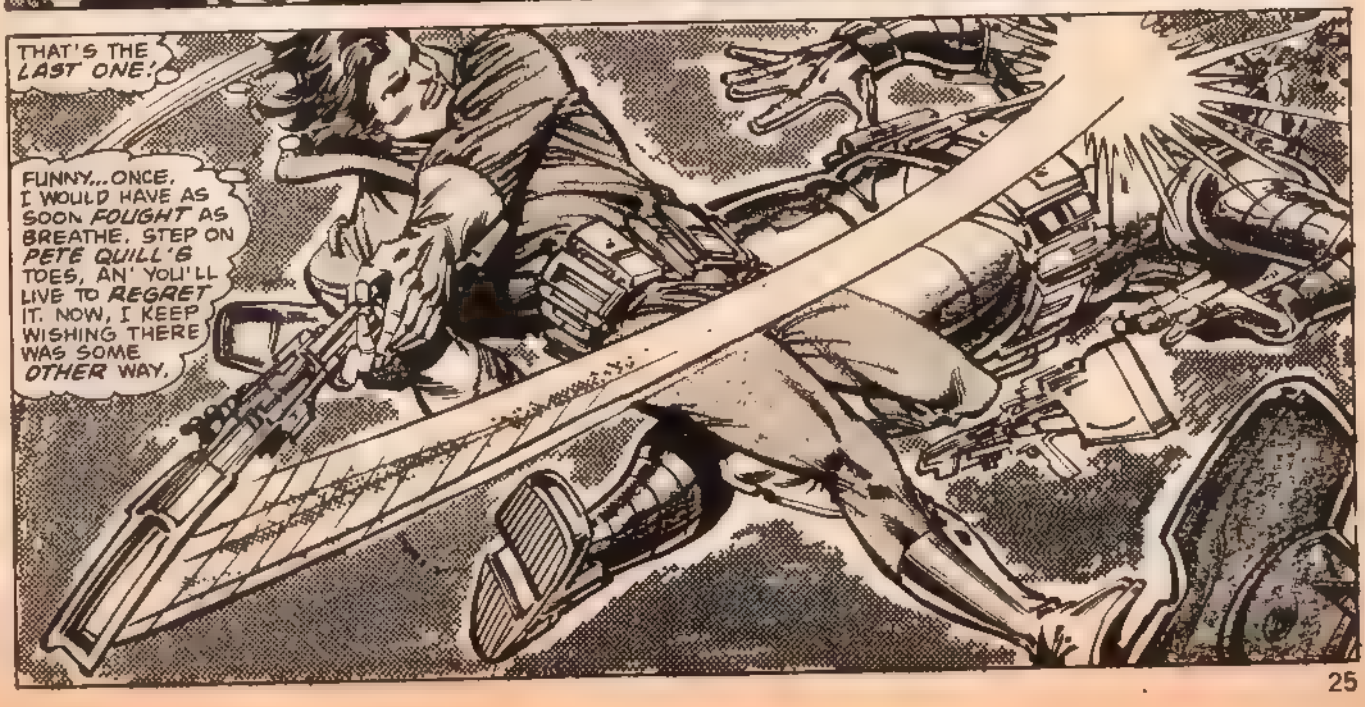

...ONLY TO SEE THE FOE EASILY EVADE THEIR MISSILES AND ENERGY CANNON AS SHE VEERS IN TOWARDS THE HOMESHIP ITSELF.

THAT JOLT--! "SHIP" MUST BE DOING A GOOD JOB; THEY'RE FIRING THEIR MAIN BATTERIES.
LIKE TRYING TO SWAT A FLY WITH AN H-BOMB.
I HOPE SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
IT HASN'T TAKEN THE UNIVERSAL TRANSLATOR IN MY BRAIN LONG TO DECIPHER THE HAALMHAD LANGUAGE.
WITH THE MAJOR'S CREDIT CARD, I CAN USE THIS TELEPHONE/COMPUTER TERMINAL TO SHOW ME THE BEST ROUTE TO THE ENGINEERING SECTION...
NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MINGLE WITH THE CROWD AND ACT LIKE I BELONG.
ONCE I'M IN ENGINEERING, I'VE GOT TO ISOLATE THEIR PRIMARY CIRCUITRY CONTROL SYSTEM...
...AND I WON'T KNOW PRECISELY HOW TO DO THAT UNTIL I SEE IT. I'VE GOT TO THINK POSITIVELY, THOUGH; I'M PLAYING FOR HIGH STAKES.
IF I FAIL, "SHIP" WILL REVERT TO HER ORIGINAL PLAN. IF SHE FAILS, K'YNDAR III IS DOOMED. EITHER WAY, PEOPLE DIE.
INTRUDER-- HALT!!
OH, BROTHER.
YOU SHOULD HAVE HID MAJOR STANCEK BETTER, ALIEN. ONCE WE KNEW YOUR ASSUMED IDENTITY, IT WAS CHILD'S-PLAY FOR THE SECURITY COMPS TO TRACK YOU DOWN.
SHACKLE HIM, CORPORAL-- THE COMMANDER WANTS HIM FOR INTERROGATION.
GENTLEMEN...
BUT IF YOU EVEN BREATHE HARD, ALIEN, WE'LL BURN YOU WHERE YOU STAND!

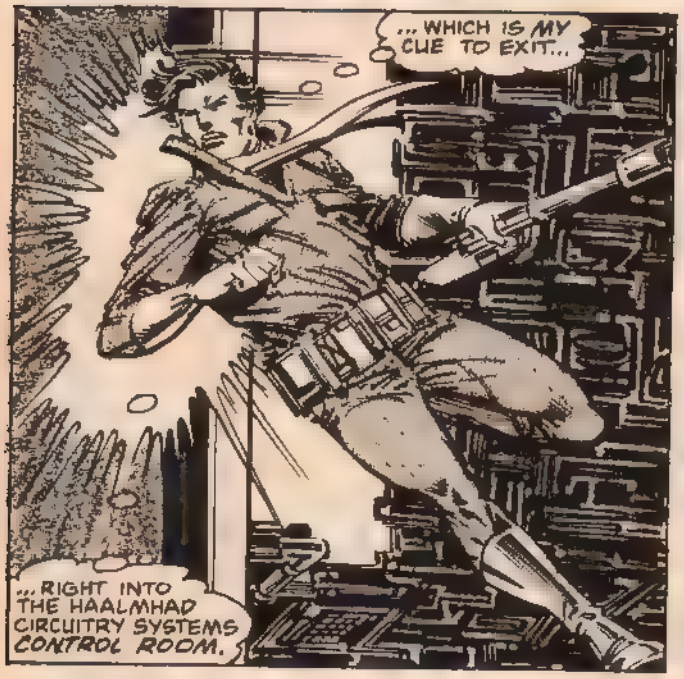
YOU CAN TRY!
SHOK!
OW!
I FELT THAT! THIS ARMOR MUST BE TOUGHER THAN IT LOOKS
BRAK!
I WAS EXPECTING TROUBLE...
BUT NOT QUITE SO MUCH, OR SO SOON.
THUUD!
THEIR NUMBERS AND THE CLOSE QUARTERS ARE WORKING TO MY ADVANTAGE, THOUGH.
THEY CAN'T HELP TRIPPING OVER EACH OTHER'S FEET...
...WHILE I CAN CHEERFULLY CUT LOOSE AT ANYONE WHO GETS IN MY WAY.
KWH
AM!

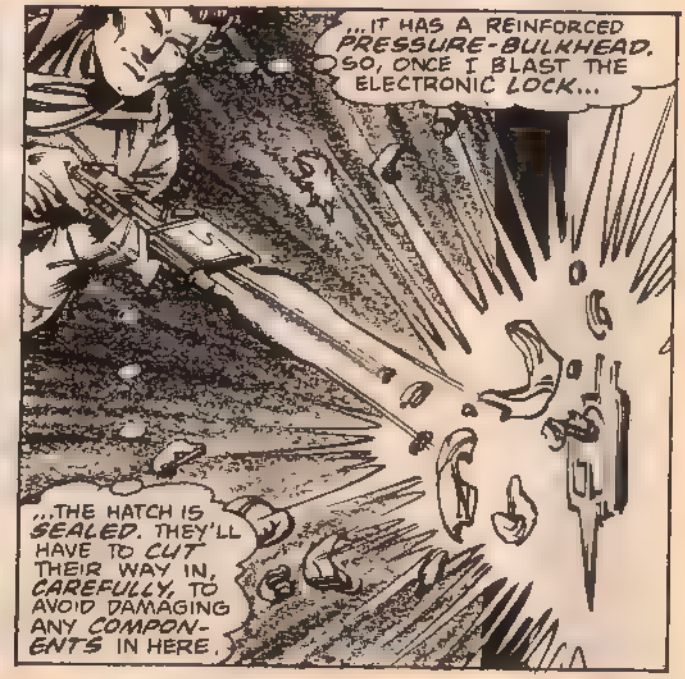
HE'S WIDE OPEN--
--SMOKE HIM!!
ZRAAP!
TROUBLE IS, THE MORE OF THEM I DECK, THE MORE VULNERABLE I LEAVE MYSELF TO THEIR BLASTERS.

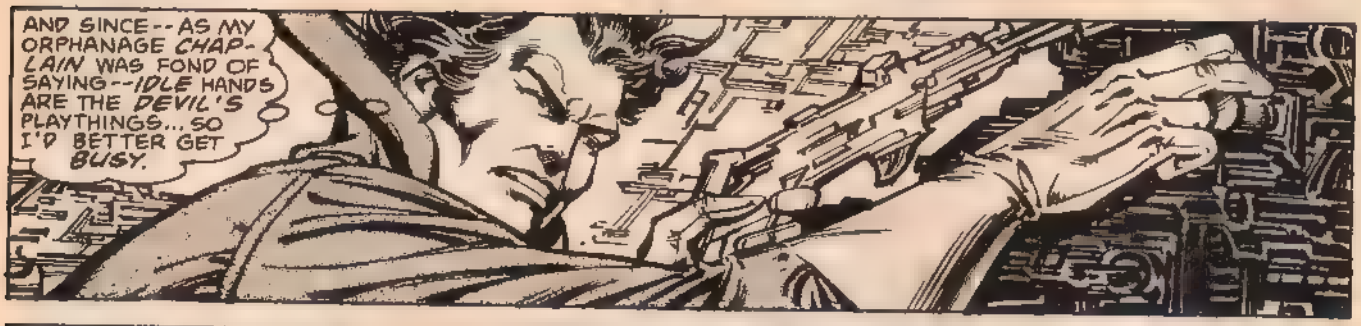

I MAY HEAL FAST--
--BUT I'M NOT INVULNERABLE AND MY PERSONAL SHIELDS ONLY GO SO FAR.

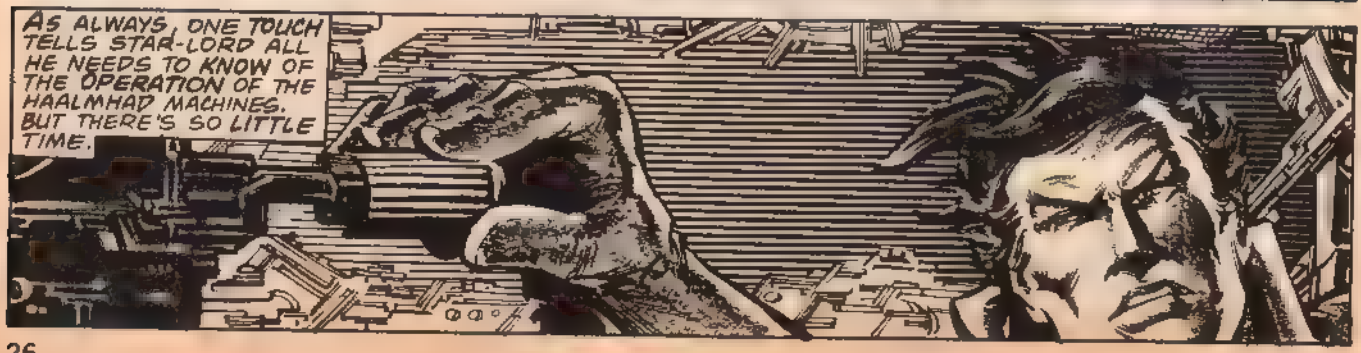

THAT'S THE LAST ONE!
FUNNY...ONCE, I WOULD HAVE AS SOON FOUGHT AS BREATHE. STEP ON PETE QUILL'S TOES, AN' YOU'LL LIVE TO REGRET IT. NOW, I KEEP WISHING THERE WAS SOME OTHER WAY.

CAN'T AFFORD TO REST ON MY LAURELS. HERE COME THE REINFORCE-MENTS, RIGHT ON CUE...


...WHICH IS MY CUE TO EXIT...
...RIGHT INTO THE HAALMHAD CIRCUITRY SYSTEMS CONTROL ROOM.


...IT HAS A REINFORCED PRESSURE-BULKHEAD. SO, ONCE I BLAST THE ELECTRONIC LOCK...
...THE HATCH IS SEALED. THEY'LL HAVE TO CUT THEIR WAY IN, CAREFULLY, TO AVOID DAMAGING ANY COMPON-ENTS IN HERE.

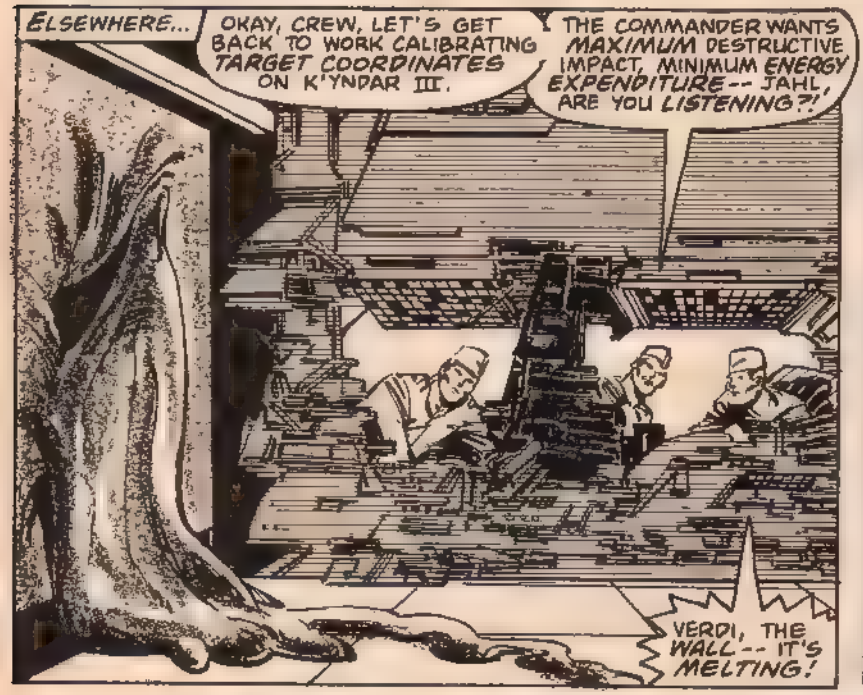

AND SINCE--AS MY ORPHANAGE CHAP-LAIN WAS FOND OF SAYING--IDLE HANDS ARE THE DEVIL'S PLAYTHINGS... SO I'D BETTER GET BUSY.


AS ALWAYS, ONE TOUCH TELLS STAR-LORD ALL HE NEEDS TO KNOW OF THE OPERATION OF THE HAALMHAD MACHINES. BUT THERE'S SO LITTLE TIME.

POWER DEMAND'S DROPPING SHARPLY, THE BIG ENERGY CANNON HAVE STOPPED FIRING.
I FEEL FINE; THAT MEANS "SHIP" ISN'T HURT. SHE MUST HAVE SURRENDERED.
UH-OH! THOSE TROOPERS ARE BURNING THROUGH THE DOOR. PERSISTENT BOYS...
FASSSZHAM!
FAN OUT AND STAY LOW, YOU STEELBACKS! DON'T FIRE UNLESS YOU HAVE A CLEAR TARGET. THEN, SHOOT TO KILL!
THAT GIVES YOU AN ADVANTAGE, GENTLEMEN. IF I CAN AVOID IT, I'D PREFER LEAVING YOU UNHARMED.
BLASTING THAT COOLANT PIPE SHOULD DO THE TRICK. THE LIQUID HELIUM SHOULD INTERACT WITH THE AIR..
...AND CREATE A DENSE FOG OF ICE CRYSTALS. BY THE TIME THEY SHIFT TO INFRA-RED HOMERS, I'LL HAVE SAID MY GOODBYES.

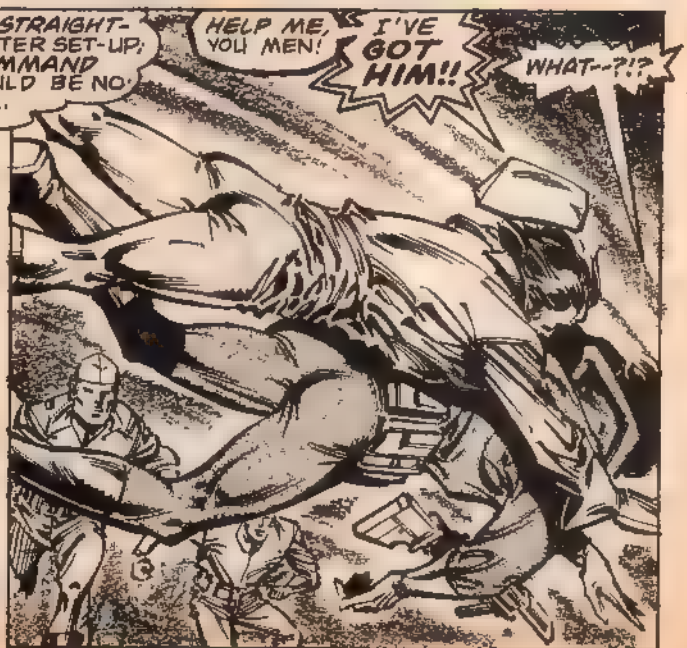
BRIDGE FROM HANGER 1 -- ALIEN SHIP IS INBOARD AND SECURE.
THANK YOU, CAPTAIN. SECURITY CONTROL, THIS IS COMMANDER CAINE. WHAT IS THE STATUS OF THE INTRUDER?

STILL ON THE LOOSE, COMMANDER. WE THOUGHT WE HAD HIM IN ENGINEERING...
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN EXCUSES, COLONEL. I WANT THAT ALIEN FOUND!

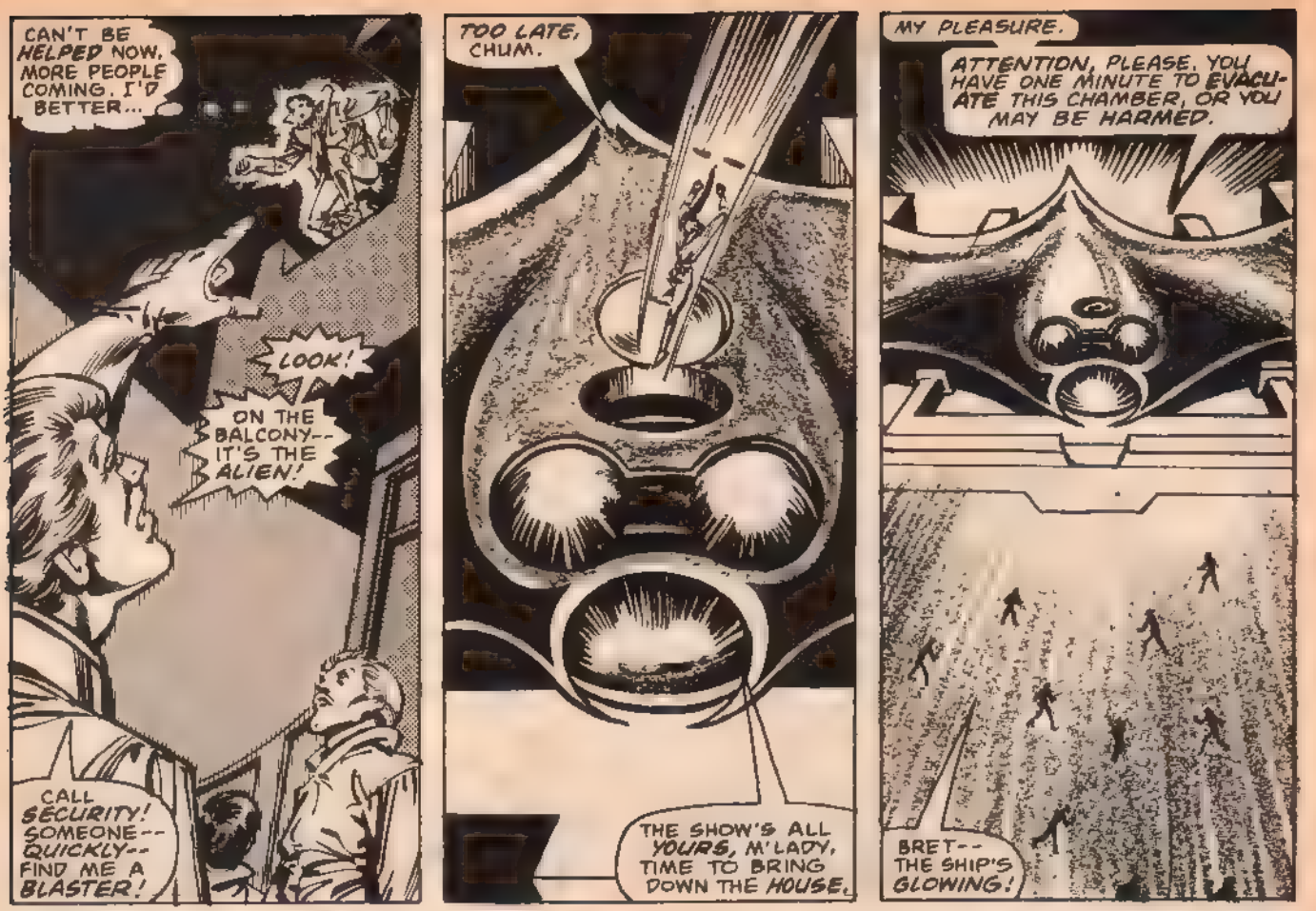

ELSEWHERE...
OKAY, CREW, LET'S GET BACK TO WORK CALIBRATING TARGET COORDINATES ON K'YNDAR III.
THE COMMANDER WANTS MAXIMUM DESTRUCTIVE IMPACT, MINIMUM ENERGY EXPENDITURE -- JAHL, ARE YOU LISTENING?!
VERDI, THE WALL -- IT'S MELTING!

PUT THOSE HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM, FOLKS. NOBODY MOVES, NOBODY GETS HURT.

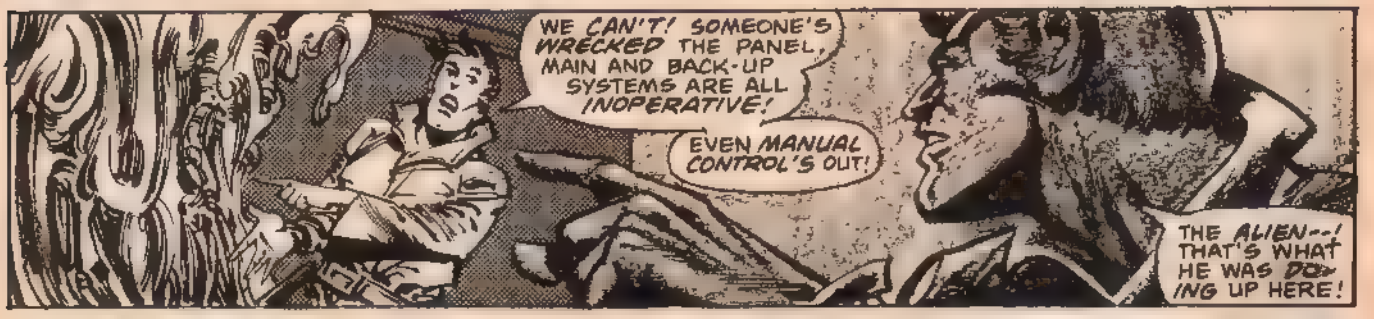
INTO THE CORNER, PLEASE.
THIS IS A FAIRLY STRAIGHT-FORWARD COMPUTER SET-UP; INSERTING MY COMMAND PROGRAM SHOULD BE NO PROBLEM.

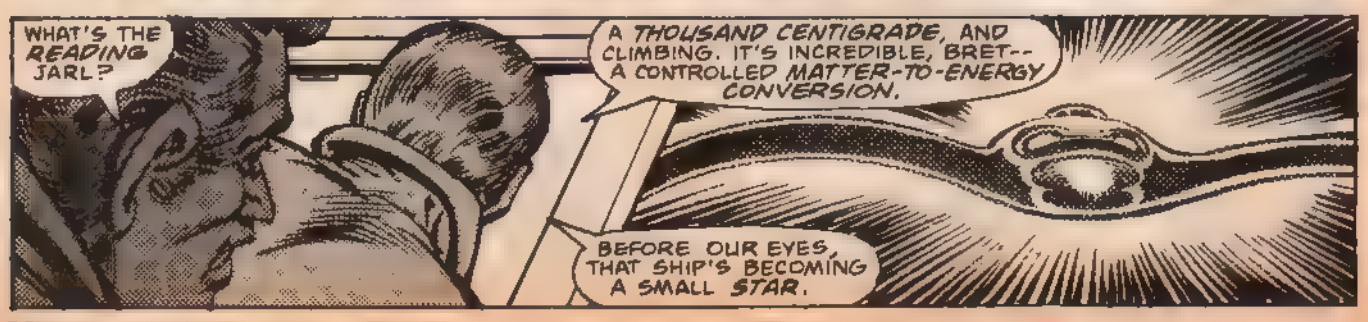

HELP ME, YOU MEN!
I'VE GOT HIM!!
WHAT--?!?

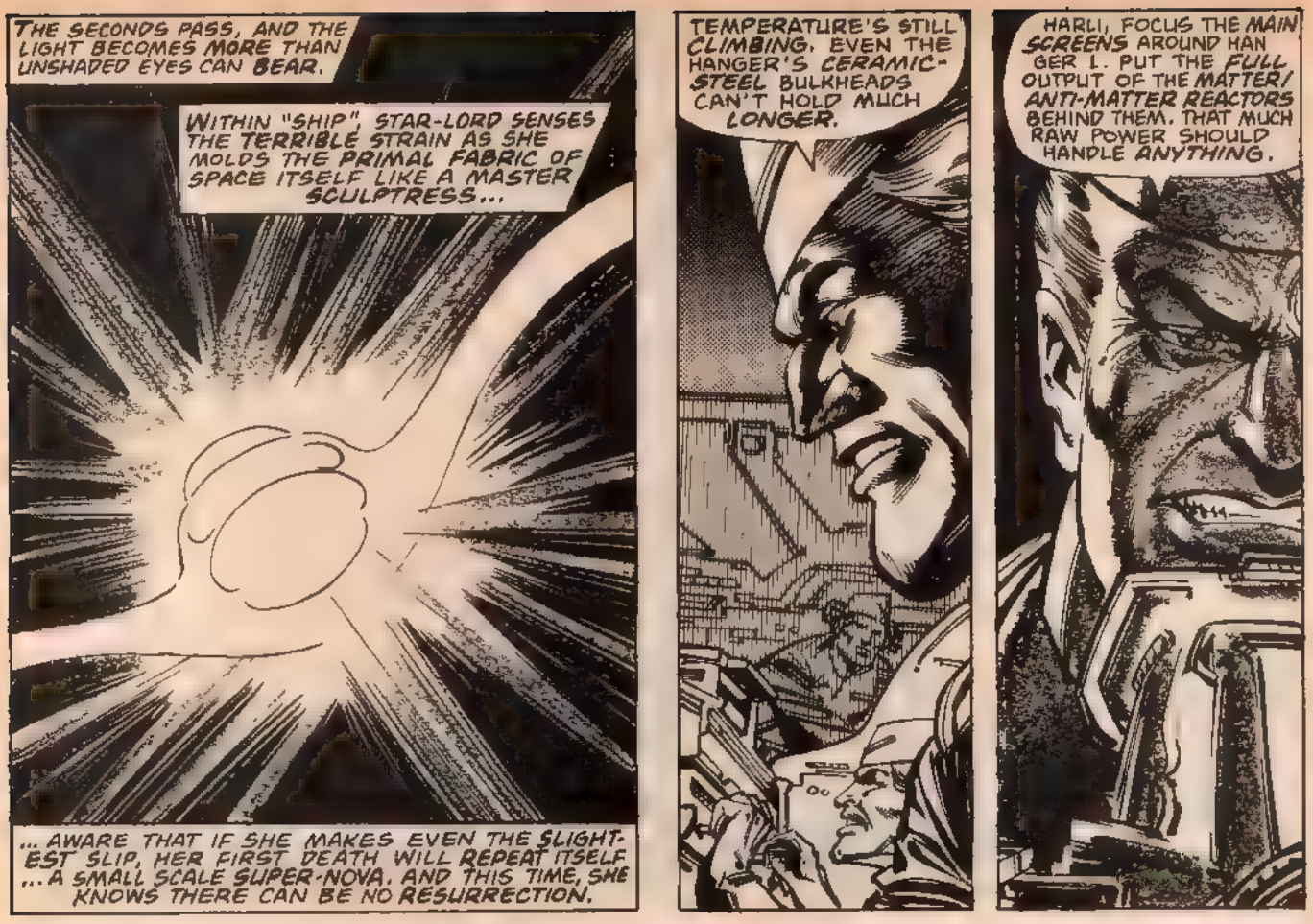
NO TIME TO BE SUBTLE.
KRAKOW!
SLAGGING THEIR PRECIOUS COMPUTERS SHOULD GIVE THEM MORE IMPORTANT THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT THAN ME.
SHZKOW!
FIRE!!
VERDI, MORE EXTINGUISHERS! IT'S SPREADING!
DAMAGE CONTROL! WE HAVE A MAJOR FIRE IN COMPUTER CENTRAL! WE NEED MEN AND EQUIPMENT-- FULL THRUST!
HEAR THAT GONG? THERE'S A FIRE SOMEWHERE. BUT AS LONG AS IT'S NOT HERE, I'M HAPPY.
LESS NOISE, YOU MEN, AND MORE WORK! GET THOSE SENSOR LEADS ATTACHED.
"SHIP" LOOKS NONE THE WORSE FOR WEAR. IF SHE WAS HURT IN THE FIGHT, SHE'S HIDING IT FROM ME.
ALL THIS MADCAP EFFORT-- IF MY HUNCH IS WRONG, IT'S BEEN FOR NOTHING.
DAMN. I WISH I'D HAD A CHANCE TO DOUBLE-CHECK THAT COMPUTER PROGRAM BEFORE I WAS JUMPED.

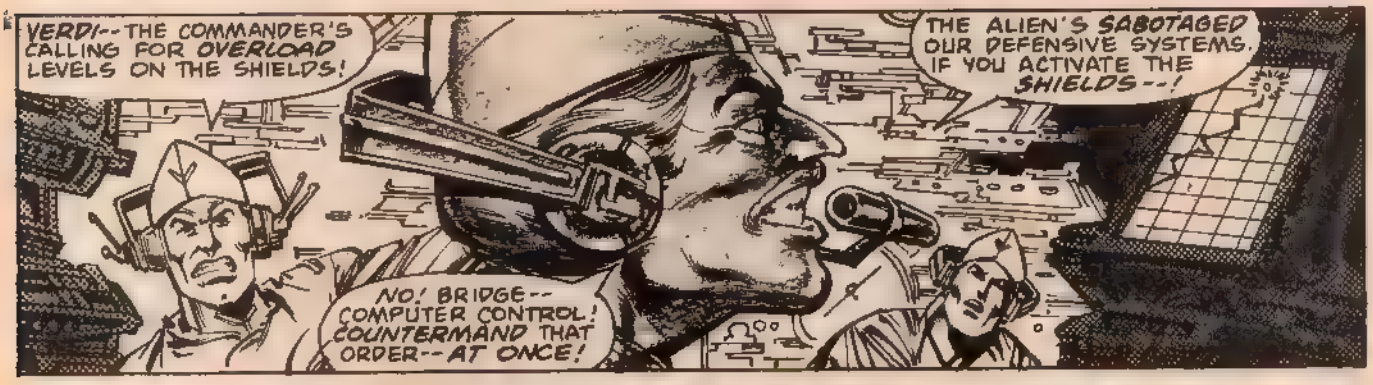

CAN'T BE HELPED NOW. MORE PEOPLE COMING. I'D BETTER...
LOOK! ON THE BALCONY-- IT'S THE ALIEN!
CALL SECURITY! SOMEONE-- QUICKLY-- FIND ME A BLASTER!
TOO LATE, CHUM.
THE SHOW'S ALL YOURS, M'LADY, TIME TO BRING DOWN THE HOUSE.
MY PLEASURE.
ATTENTION, PLEASE. YOU HAVE ONE MINUTE TO EVACUATE THIS CHAMBER, OR YOU MAY BE HARMED.
BRET-- THE SHIP'S GLOWING!

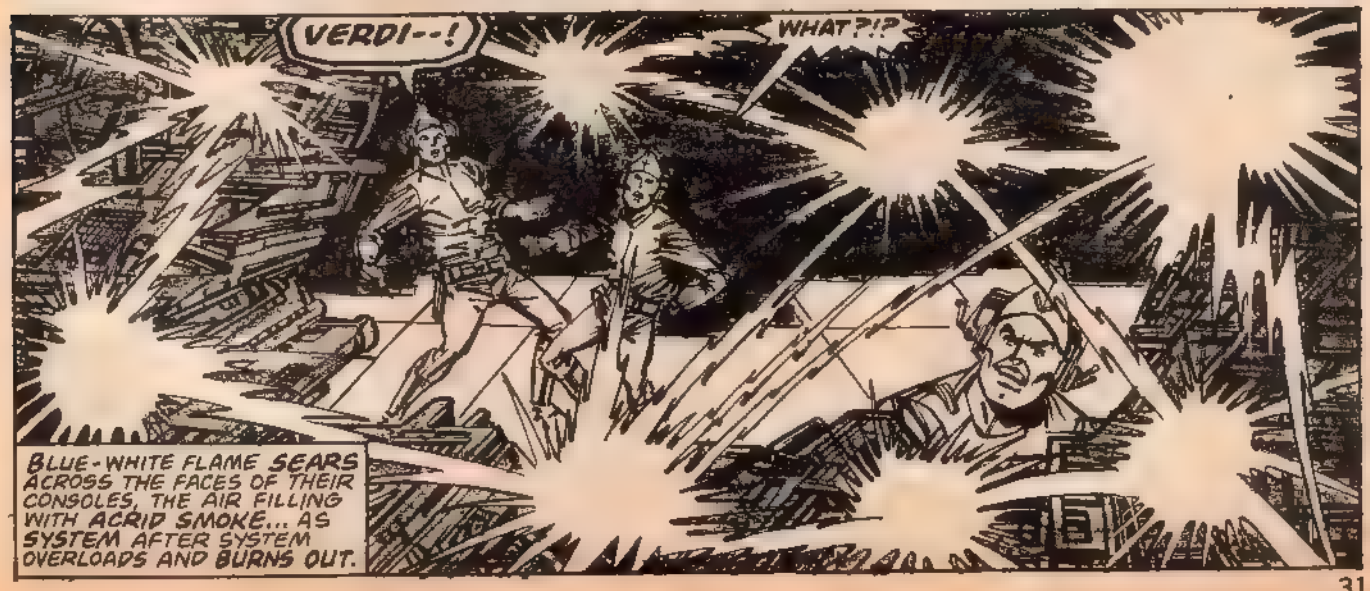
GLOWING, HELL! IT'S GETTING HOT!
OUT OF HERE, ALL OF YOU-- FULL THRUST!
KORDA, HIT THE EMERGENCY CONTROLS! BLOW THE HANGER BAY DOORS AND VOID THAT HELLSHIP BEFORE WE FRY!

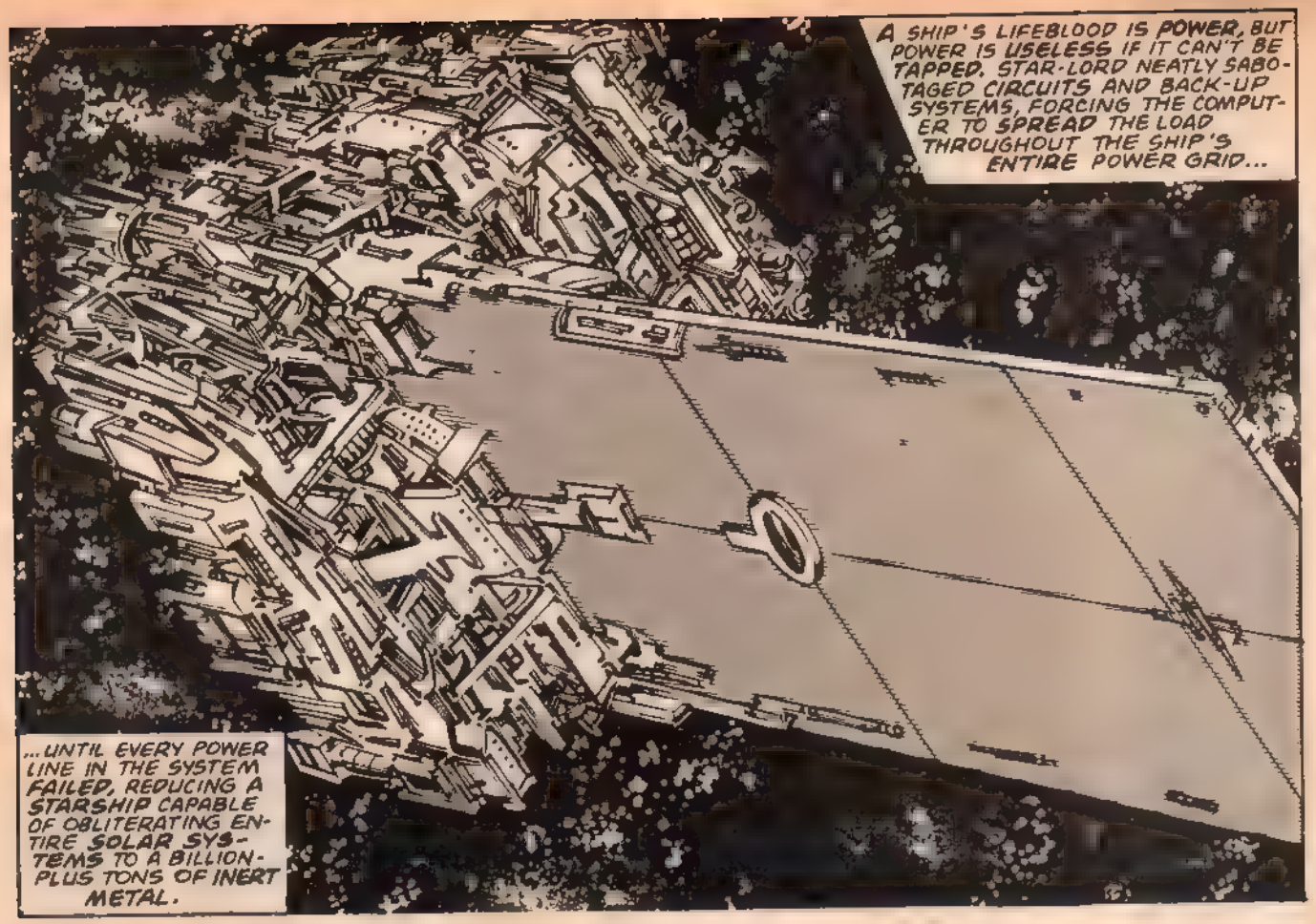

WE CAN'T! SOMEONE'S WRECKED THE PANEL, MAIN AND BACK-UP SYSTEMS ARE ALL INOPERATIVE!
EVEN MANUAL CONTROL'S OUT!
THE ALIEN--! THAT'S WHAT HE WAS DOING UP HERE!

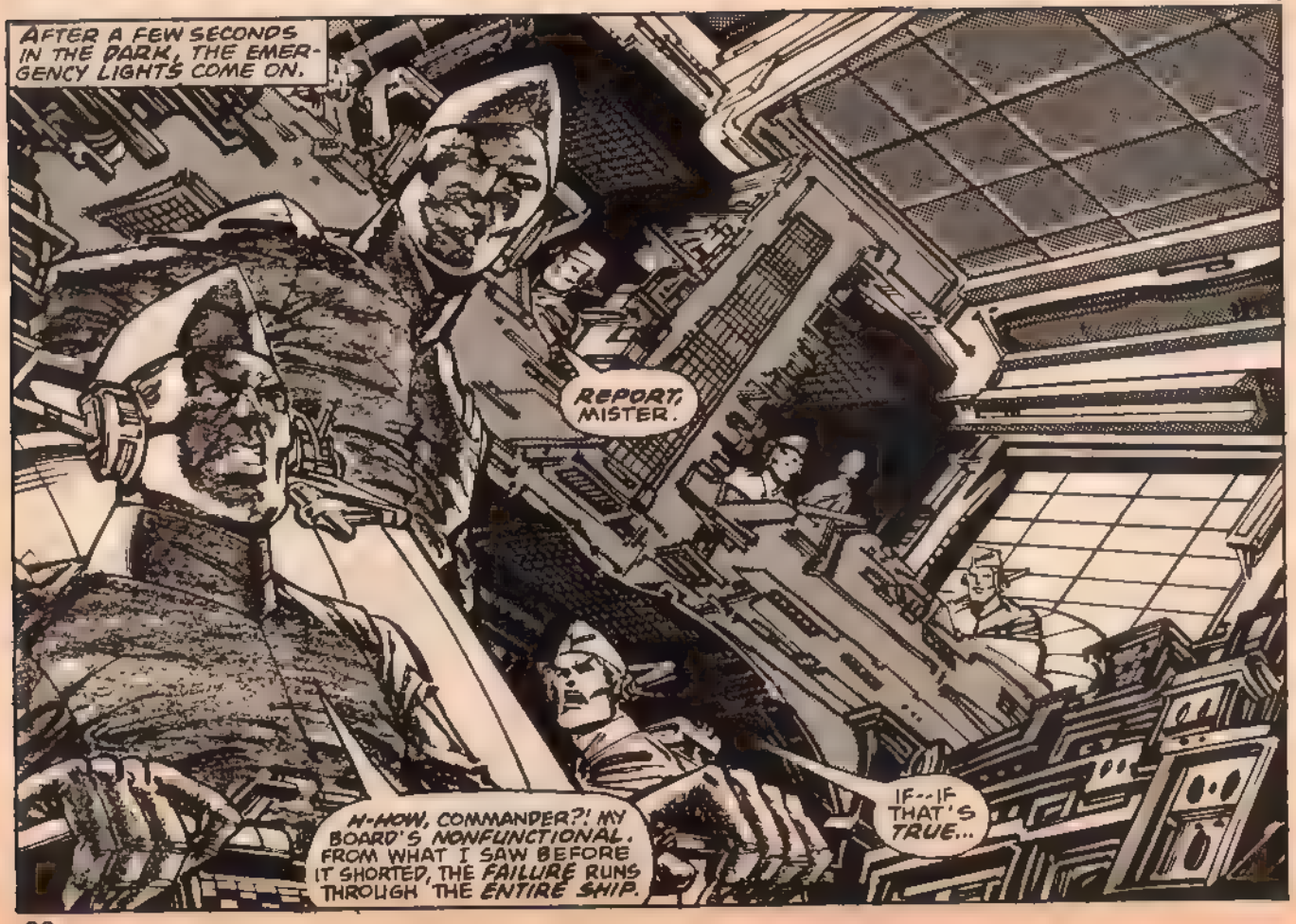

WHAT'S THE READING JARL?
A THOUSAND CENTIGRADE, AND CLIMBING. IT'S INCREDIBLE, BRET-- A CONTROLLED MATTER-TO-ENERGY CONVERSION.
BEFORE OUR EYES, THAT SHIP'S BECOMING A SMALL STAR.

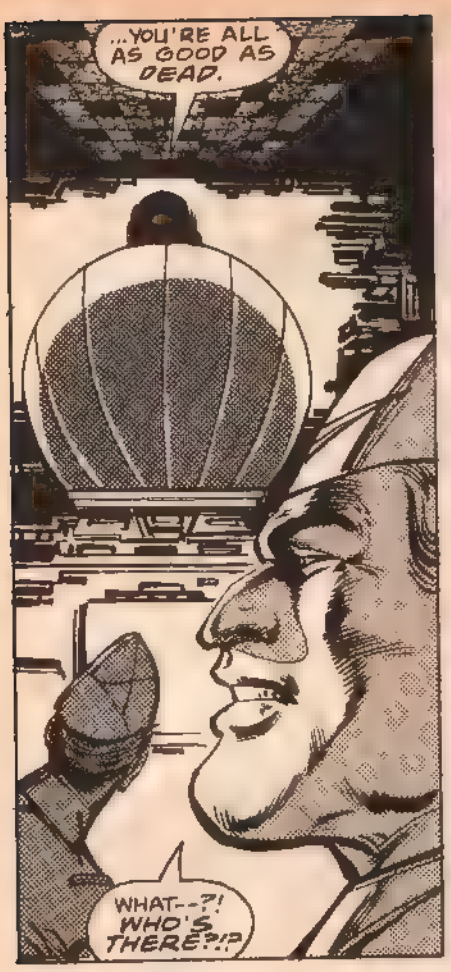

THE SECONDS PASS, AND THE LIGHT BECOMES MORE THAN UNSHADED EYES CAN BEAR.
WITHIN "SHIP", STAR-LORD SENSES THE TERRIBLE STRAIN AS SHE MOLDS THE PRIMAL FABRIC OF SPACE ITSELF LIKE A MASTER SCULPTRESS...
... AWARE THAT IF SHE MAKES EVEN THE SLIGHTEST SLIP, HER FIRST DEATH WILL REPEAT ITSELF ... A SMALL SCALE SUPER-NOVA. AND THIS TIME, SHE KNOWS THERE CAN BE NO RESURRECTION.
TEMPERATURE'S STILL CLIMBING. EVEN THE HANGER'S CERAMIC-STEEL BULKHEADS CAN'T HOLD MUCH LONGER.
HARLI, FOCUS THE MAIN SCREENS AROUND HANGER 1. PUT THE FULL OUTPUT OF THE MATTER/ANTI-MATTER REACTORS BEHIND THEM. THAT MUCH RAW POWER SHOULD HANDLE ANYTHING.


VERDI--THE COMMANDER'S CALLING FOR OVERLOAD LEVELS ON THE SHIELDS!
THE ALIEN'S SABOTAGED OUR DEFENSIVE SYSTEMS. IF YOU ACTIVATE THE SHIELDS--!
NO! BRIDGE--COMPUTER CONTROL! COUNTERMAND THAT ORDER--AT ONCE!


VERDI--!
WHAT?!?
BLUE-WHITE FLAME SEARS ACROSS THE FACES OF THEIR CONSOLES, THE AIR FILLING WITH ACRID SMOKE... AS SYSTEM AFTER SYSTEM OVERLOADS AND BURNS OUT.


A SHIP'S LIFEBLOOD IS POWER, BUT POWER IS USELESS IF IT CAN'T BE TAPPED. STAR-LORD NEATLY SABOTAGED CIRCUITS AND BACK-UP SYSTEMS, FORCING THE COMPUTER TO SPREAD THE LOAD THROUGHOUT THE SHIP'S ENTIRE POWER GRID...
...UNTIL EVERY POWER LINE IN THE SYSTEM FAILED, REDUCING A STARSHIP CAPABLE OF OBLITERATING ENTIRE SOLAR SYSTEMS TO A BILLION-PLUS TONS OF INERT METAL.


AFTER A FEW SECONDS IN THE DARK, THE EMERGENCY LIGHTS COME ON.
REPORT, MISTER.
H-HOW, COMMANDER?! MY BOARD'S NONFUNCTIONAL. FROM WHAT I SAW BEFORE IT SHORTED, THE FAILURE RUNS THROUGH THE ENTIRE SHIP.
IF--IF THAT'S TRUE...


...YOU'RE ALL AS GOOD AS DEAD.
WHAT--?! WHO'S THERE?!?

I'M CALLED STAR-LORD, AND I AM RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP. THE K'YNDAR OFFERED YOU FRIENDSHIP; YOU CHOSE TO DESTROY THEM.
YOUR CONSCIENCE, IF YOU WILL, OR YOUR EXECUTIONER,

THERE'S A G-3 STAR ABOUT TWENTY PARSECS DISTANT, WITH A TYPE-M PLANET. IT'S PRIMITIVE, BUT LIVABLE.
NOW, COMMANDER, YOU HAVE NO CHOICE.
IF YOU'RE CAREFUL, YOUR EMERGENCY LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEMS SHOULD LAST THE TIME IT TAKES MY SHIP TO TOW YOU THERE.

YOU MEAN TO MAROON US?
QUARANTINE. AT LEAST THERE YOU'LL HAVE A CHANCE FOR SURVIVAL--THAT'S A LOT MORE THAN YOU GAVE THE PEOPLE OF CARILLON, AND MORE THAN YOU'VE GOT HERE.

LATER...
WILL THEY ACCEPT YOUR TERMS?
GRUDGINGLY, WITH ANGER--YES.
THEY'RE A PROUD COMMUNITY, THAT'S JUST BEEN HUMBLED.

YOU'VE SAVED THE K'YNDAR HOMEWORLD...
...AND LAID TO REST SOME PRIVATE DEMONS, FOR THAT, AND MORE, I THANK YOU.
HELL, WOMAN, WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?!

TIME TRAVEL:

THE FANTASY OF SCIENCE FICTION

By Arthur Curtis

Defining science fiction is a tricky proposition; most of the definitions fail to include all stories that the definer considers science fiction and exclude all those that are not.

Basically, *very* basically, science fiction is fiction based on science and contains nothing that is flatly impossible in the light of present-day knowledge. Things in science fiction may be impossible *now,* but needn't always be impossible—such as interstellar travel.

If a story is based on something that is regarded as out-and-out impossible—such as vampires or werewolves—it is fantasy, not science fiction.

But there is one category of science fiction that is, by any stretch of scientific knowledge, impossible. Yet all science fiction writers, teachers, fans, historians and librarians classify it as science fiction.

Time travel.

THERE IS no evidence that anyone has ever traveled through time or ever will be able to travel through time (If there are time travelers, where are they? Why has no one spotted any time travelers at any of history's high points?).

L. Sprague de Camp, noted science fiction writer and an occasional author of time travel stories, has pointed out that there is more scientific basis for believing in werewolves than in time travel.

(Actually, werewolves are easy to explain scientifically. If an unnaturally savage wolf should go against his nature and attack a peasant village, biting several men before he can be slain, and if, about a month later, the bitten men turn into equally savage man-beasts, a simple peasant might be excused for creating a werewolf legend. In reality the wolf in question would have had rabies and had infected the men it had bitten.)

Nevertheless werewolves belong in fantasy and time travel is classified as science fiction, primarily because time travel stories attempt to provide a scientific rationale, including a lot of talk about the fourth dimension.

Except for the very first time travel story of them all. You know the story—it's a classic, one that comes at you in some form, as a book, movie, play, animated cartoon, musical, or dramatic reading, every year: Charles Dickens' "A Christmas Carol."

That is fantasy, not because of the time travel itself but because of the way Ebenezer Scrooge travels into his past and future—with the aid of ghosts.

THE FIRST *science fiction* time travel story (and still one of the best) is H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine,* in which Wells' unnamed time traveler visits a future where the human race has evolved into the gentle Eloi and the bestial Morlocks. He later goes to the farthest future, when he is the only man alive, returns to his own time, and travels again to the future, never to return.

Because Wells used a machine to transport his traveler to the future, time travel became accepted as science fiction. And science fiction writers have turned out scores of stories on the theme ever since.

Largely, time travel has been used in short stories, built around the paradoxes of visiting your own past and future.

For example, suppose you go to the past, get into a fight with and kill a young man who would have later married and become your father's father. But if you killed your grandfather before he became a father, you would never have been born—so you couldn't have gone back and killed him, so you could not have been born—so you could go back and kill him, so you would never... You get the idea.

AMONG THE better time travel novels the aforementioned L. Sprague de Camp's *Lest Darkness Fall,* in which a modern-day man attempts to prevent the fall of the Roman Empire; Robert Silverberg's very funny *Up the Line,* where time travel is used for tourists who want to observe the Crucifixion and other highlights of history; Michael Moorcock's *Behold the Man,* a

Janet Elizabeth Aulisio

more serious story about temporal travel and the Crucifixion; and Robert A. Heinlein's *Time Enough for Love,* wherein the nearly immortal Lazarus Long travels backward in time to become his mother's lover.

In shorter fiction, it was H. L. Gold, first editor of *Galaxy Science Fiction Magazine,* who used time travel to explain a mystery of the '50s—why so many old people with stacks of money were dying of starvation. Gold's story had them as travelers to the future who returned starved because the food they ate in the future wouldn't exist in our time. The story was "The Old Die Rich."

Another science fiction magazine editor, Samuel Mines of *Startling Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*), wrote "Find the Sculptor," in which a statue is brought back from the future—but if the statue was brought to the present and existed into the future, when it was brought back. . . who sculpted it?

If your head is spinning, brace yourself before you try Robert Heinlein's two ultimate time travel stories: "By His Bootstraps" and "All You Zombies." The first of these is in Heinlein's book *The Menace from Earth;* the second is in *The Unpleasant Profession of Jonathan Hoag.*

In "By His Bootstraps," a novelette written in the '40s, the hero keeps meeting himself coming and going through time so that there are several of him before the story's end.

That was only a warmup for Heinlein. In "All You Zombies," written in the '50s, Heinlein's protagonists turn out oto be his own child, father and mother. No one has ever turned out such a package of paradoxes as in this short story.

Time travel paradoxes are so fascinating and the possibility for adventure is such that such stories have spread into other fields than the printed page: to the movies, television and comics.

VIRTUALLY EVERY comic book superhero sooner or later indulges in time travel to fight menaces of the past or future. It is much more rare on the newspaper comics pages, but there have been at least three strips devoted solely to time travel adventures.

Alley Oop began as a humorous comic strip about cavemen and dinosaurs. V. T. Hamlin created it in 1933 and enjoyed moderate success until 1939, when an abrupt turn increased its popularity: Professor Wonmug (a pun on the literal translation of Einstein—One mug) and his time machine appeared. Henceforth Oop became a time traveler whose adventurous stops included ancient Egypt, modern times and his native, prehistoric Moo (In one adventure, he became a guard in Macbeth's castle in what amounted to a comic-strip adaptation of Shakespeare's play, retaining much of the dialogue!). Hamlin retired in 1971 but Dave Graue, his former assistant, continues to have Oop, his girl friend Oola and even Dinny the dinosaur jaunting happily through time.

Like *Alley Oop, Brick Bradford* started out as a different kind of strip but found its true direction and biggest success with the introduction of time travel. Brick was just a redheaded adventurer until he stumbled across the Time Top. Originally *The Time Tip* was a separate comic strip, one which ran above *Brick Bradford* on Sundays, but somehow the device dropped through into Brick's page and he used it to cavort through time. Mostly, Brick went to futuristic cities to battle super-scientific villains. Brick's creators, writer William Ritt and artist Clarence Gray, have since died but the strip was continued by Paul Norris. The last we heard it was still running, though not in very many papers.

The third time-travel strip is perhaps not so well known today, although it was very well done. *Dick's Adventures in Dreamland* was written by Max Trell and drawn by Neil O'Keefe and distributed by King Features from 1947 through 1956. It was fantasy, not science fiction—young Dick *dreamed* himself back into events of American history. He began as a cabin boy with Columbus and awoke at the conclusion of the discovery of America. The next week, he dozed off again and found himself among the pilgrims. What followed would be a straight historical retelling of the events with Dick present as an eyewitness; in his dreams, he never displayed any knowledge of what was going to happen. By the time the strip was dropped, he had worked his way up nearly to the start of World War I.

Other comic strip heroes have had occasional time travel sequences, whether through dreams or actual time-traveling, but they have always returned to their regular run of adventures afterward.

ON TELEVISION, and on radio before that, there was a program much like *Dick's Adventures in Dreamland.* The show was called *You Are There* and it involved CBS newsmen—among them Walter Cronkite—reporting on historical events such as the assassination of Julius Caesar. "Everything is as it was then except—You Are There," the announcer would say. Many top CBS newsmen were wiped out from time to time on that show as, for instance, when the radio show covered the eruption of Mount Vesuvius which destroyed Pompeii.

It is stretching a point to call that a time travel show, since it was just an imaginative way to dramatize a historical event. However, without time travel, how do you explain those cameras and microphones in ancient Rome?

THE MOVIES, have not done a great deal with time travel. Mark Twain's fantasy, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,* has been made several times with stars as unlikely as Will Rogers and Bing

Crosby. Some of the later Planet of the Apes movies involve time travel.

David Annan's book, *Movie Fantastic,* calls a film titled *La Jetee* "perhaps the greatest time-travel film of the 1960s"—but it was only 29 minutes long, didn't offer much in the way of new concepts (it involved a post-World War III man returned to the time before the war) and was seen by few people.

The time travel movie you are most likely to recall is, of course, the 1960 George Pal movie for M-G-M, *The Time Machine.* It starred Rod Taylor as the traveler and Yvette Mimieux as the firl of the future he grows to care for. The slick treatment of the H. G. Wells novel, adapted by David Duncan, did not transport the audience to the horrifying, dying world Wells' traveler also visits in the book, but it was a lot of fun and the special effects showing time travel were very well done.

There are other movies, such as *Time Flies* (a 1944 British comedy in which comics were sent to Elizabethan times), but, by and large, the movies haven't done much with time travel.

Television, though, is another story.

FOR A LIMITED FIELD with very few well-known stories, time travel fiction has been extremely popular with TV producers.

The producer most enamored of time travel is Irwin Allen. He not only came up with a series based on the idea, he also managed to stick at least one time-travel story into each of his other fantastic series.

Allen's *Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea* ran four seasons and had at least two time travel stories in its last season. *Lost in Space* ran three seasons and had at least one time-travel story in which Dr. Smith tried to get back to Earth before the ship took off in the first place. *Land of the Giants* ran two seasons and one of *its* shows involved some of the characters trying to go back in time to before *their* ship took off.

And, of course, there was *Time Tunnel.* It only ran one season, though it may still be running in some areas. *Time Tunnel* began the same season as *Star Trek* but it did not thrill the same sophisticated audiences that *Star Trek* did—probably because it failed to approach *Star Trek*'s caliber. *Time Tunnel*'s premise had two scientists trapped in a time machine, stopping off in different eras just long enough to have an hour-long adventure—and then flung into the time-trip again at the end of the show. James Darren and Robert Colbert played the scientists.

There were occasional attempts at interesting plots, as when Darren's character met himself as a child, but the series in general was unwatchable for any but the very young.

Allen teamed with Rod Serling to try another time-travel pilot film in the 1970s (scientists try to prevent the Chicago fire) but no series materialized.

There were, however, many excellent time travel stories on television. Rod Serling had a passion for stories about unhappy people going back to the Good Old Days. On *Rod Serling's Night Gallery*, there was a nice adaptation of C. M. Kornbluth's "The Little Black Bag," where a doctor's bag of the future is accidentally dropped through time to the present.

SO MUCH for the poor, the routine or the merely good. Television produced at least four outstanding stories built around time travel.

Outer Limits was a series that many remember with deep fondness, although most if its stories were old hat to science fiction fans. But even tired old fans were impressed by two episodes: "Soldier," in which Michale Ansara, as a soldier of the future, is transported to the present; and "Demon with a Glass Hand," in which Robert Culp, the last man on the Earth of the future, is sent to our present for a reason he can't remember.

Star Trek had two time-travel episodes, one comic, one tragic, that are worthy of viewing and re-viewing. "Tomorrow Is Yesterday" is a comedy by D. C. Fontana in which the *Enterprise* is flung back to the time of its filming and a jet pilot is taken aboard. The plot dealt with the misadventures of trying to erase the time paradoxes involved.

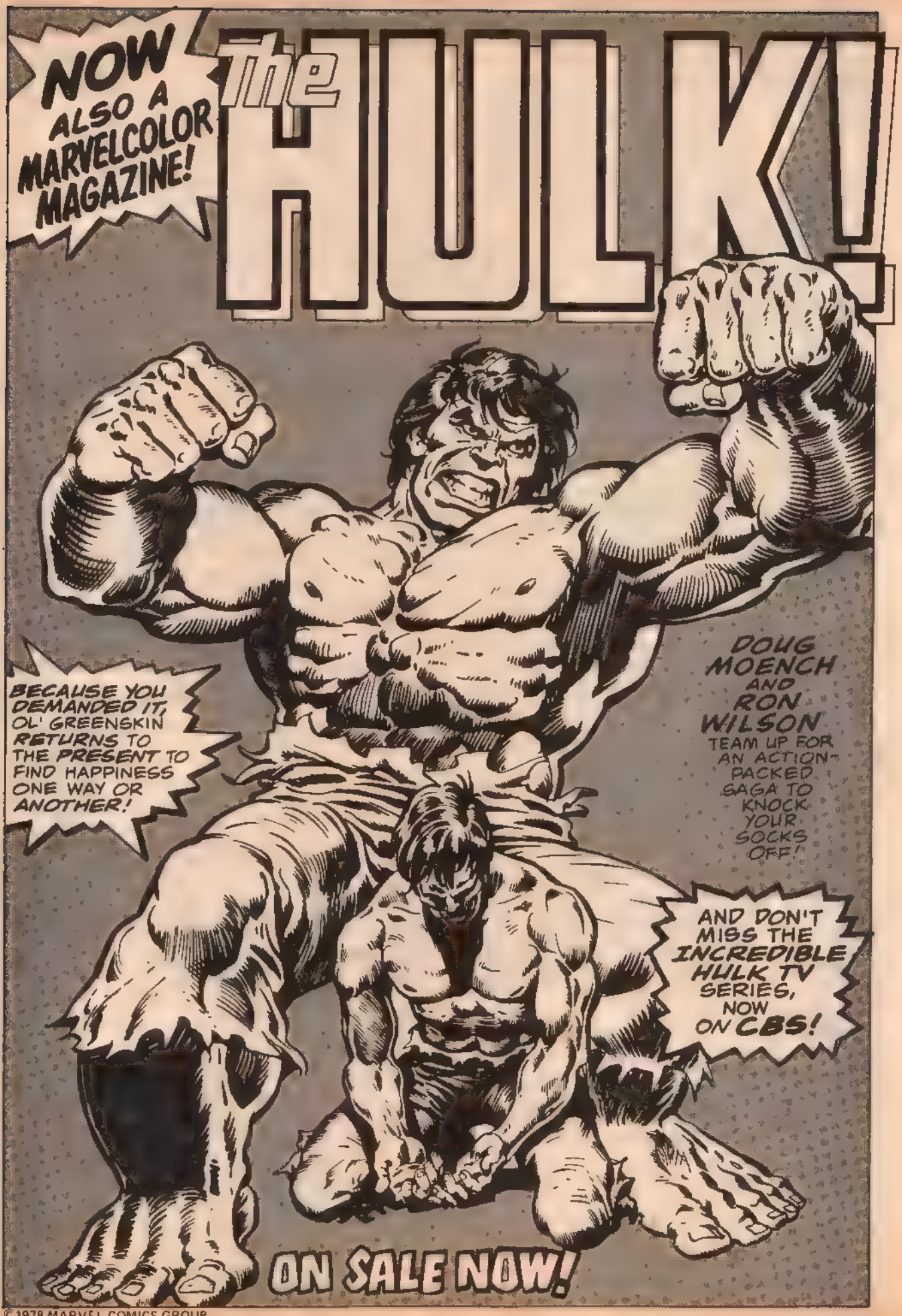
"The City on the Edge of Forever" was a thoughtful investigation of the morality and emotions involved in the sanctioning of tragedies for the greater good, in the grief that knowledge of the future can bring, and in the events occurring when the future meets the past. The story is available in photo-comic form from Bantam Books as the first in their Star Trek Fotonovels series, if your area is one of the few where *Star Trek* is not still running.

There you have it—four outstanding time travel stories on television while movies have managed only a few that are fun. What's the secret?

Well, it might have something to do with the fact that D.C. Fontana is a knowledgeable science fiction fan and that the other three stories were written by someone very familiar with the best science fiction stories about time travel. "The City on the Edge of Forever," "Soldier," and "Demon with a Glass Hand" were all written by science-fiction writer (and sometimes Marvel Comics contributor) Harlan Ellison.

And what does the future hold for stories about time travel?

Only time will tell.


NOW ALSO A MARVELCOLOR MAGAZINE!
The HULK!
BECAUSE YOU DEMANDED IT, OL' GREENSKIN RETURNS TO THE PRESENT TO FIND HAPPINESS ONE WAY OR ANOTHER!
DOUG MOENCH AND RON WILSON TEAM UP FOR AN ACTION-PACKED SAGA TO KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF!
AND DON'T MISS THE INCREDIBLE HULK TV SERIES, NOW ON CBS!
ON SALE NOW!

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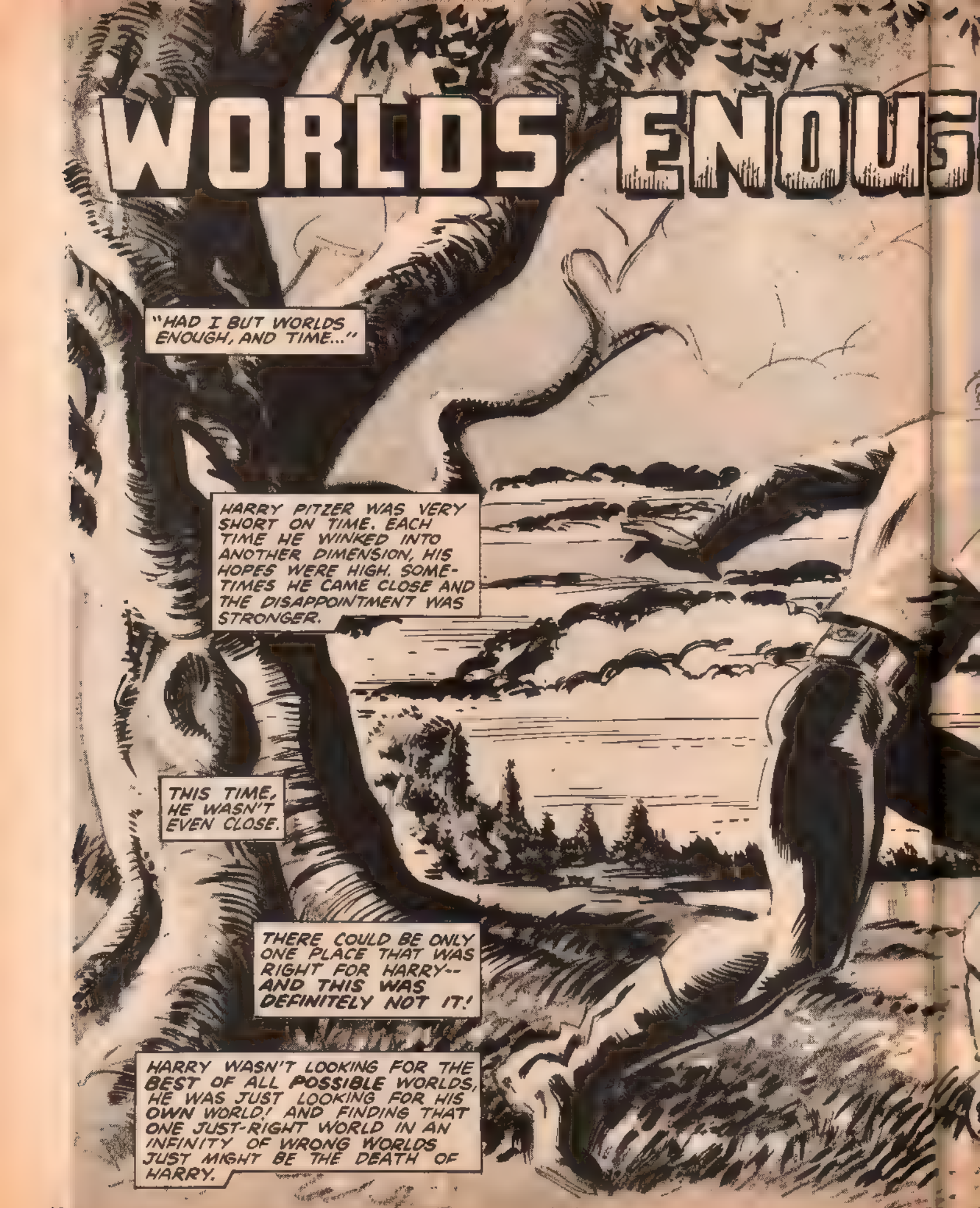
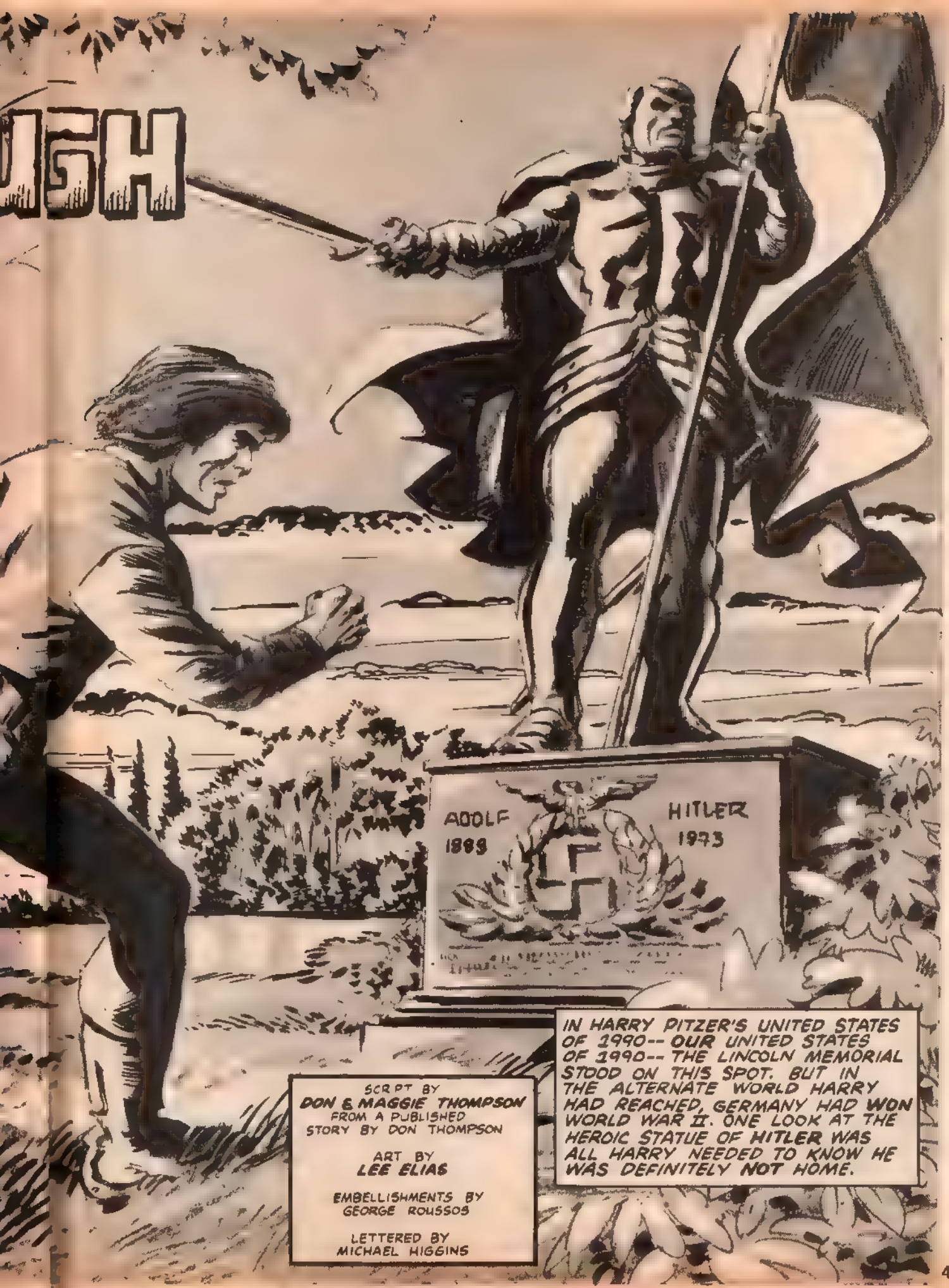

WORLDS ENOUG
"HAD I BUT WORLDS ENOUGH, AND TIME..."
HARRY PITZER WAS VERY SHORT ON TIME. EACH TIME HE WINKED INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION, HIS HOPES WERE HIGH. SOMETIMES HE CAME CLOSE AND THE DISAPPOINTMENT WAS STRONGER.
THIS TIME, HE WASN'T EVEN CLOSE.
THERE COULD BE ONLY ONE PLACE THAT WAS RIGHT FOR HARRY-- AND THIS WAS DEFINITELY NOT IT!
HARRY WASN'T LOOKING FOR THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS, HE WAS JUST LOOKING FOR HIS OWN WORLD! AND FINDING THAT ONE JUST-RIGHT WORLD IN AN INFINITY OF WRONG WORLDS JUST MIGHT BE THE DEATH OF HARRY.



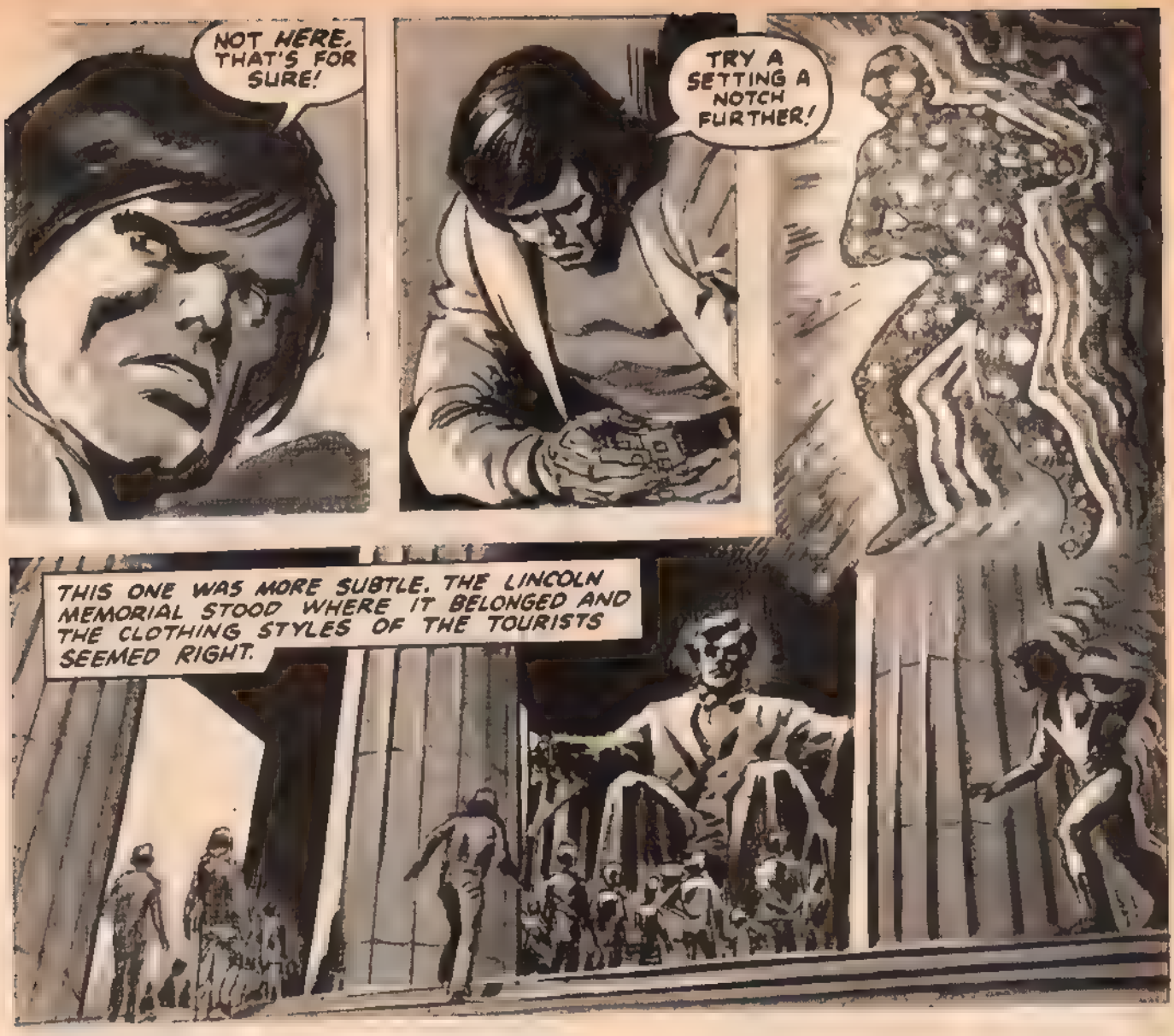
SCRIPT BY
DON & MAGGIE THOMPSON
FROM A PUBLISHED
STORY BY DON THOMPSON

ART BY
LEE ELIAS

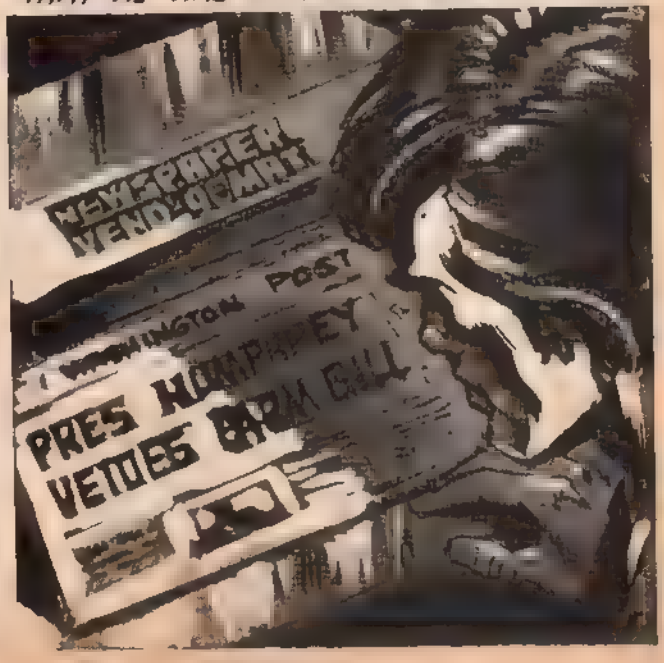
EMBELLISHMENTS BY
GEORGE ROUSSOS

LETTERED BY
MICHAEL HIGGINS

IN HARRY PITZER'S UNITED STATES OF 1990-- **OUR** UNITED STATES OF 1990-- THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL STOOD ON THIS SPOT. BUT IN THE ALTERNATE WORLD HARRY HAD REACHED, GERMANY HAD **WON** WORLD WAR II. ONE LOOK AT THE HEROIC STATUE OF **HITLER** WAS ALL HARRY NEEDED TO KNOW HE WAS DEFINITELY **NOT** HOME.


NOT HERE, THAT'S FOR SURE!
TRY A SETTING A NOTCH FURTHER!
THIS ONE WAS MORE SUBTLE. THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL STOOD WHERE IT BELONGED AND THE CLOTHING STYLES OF THE TOURISTS SEEMED RIGHT.

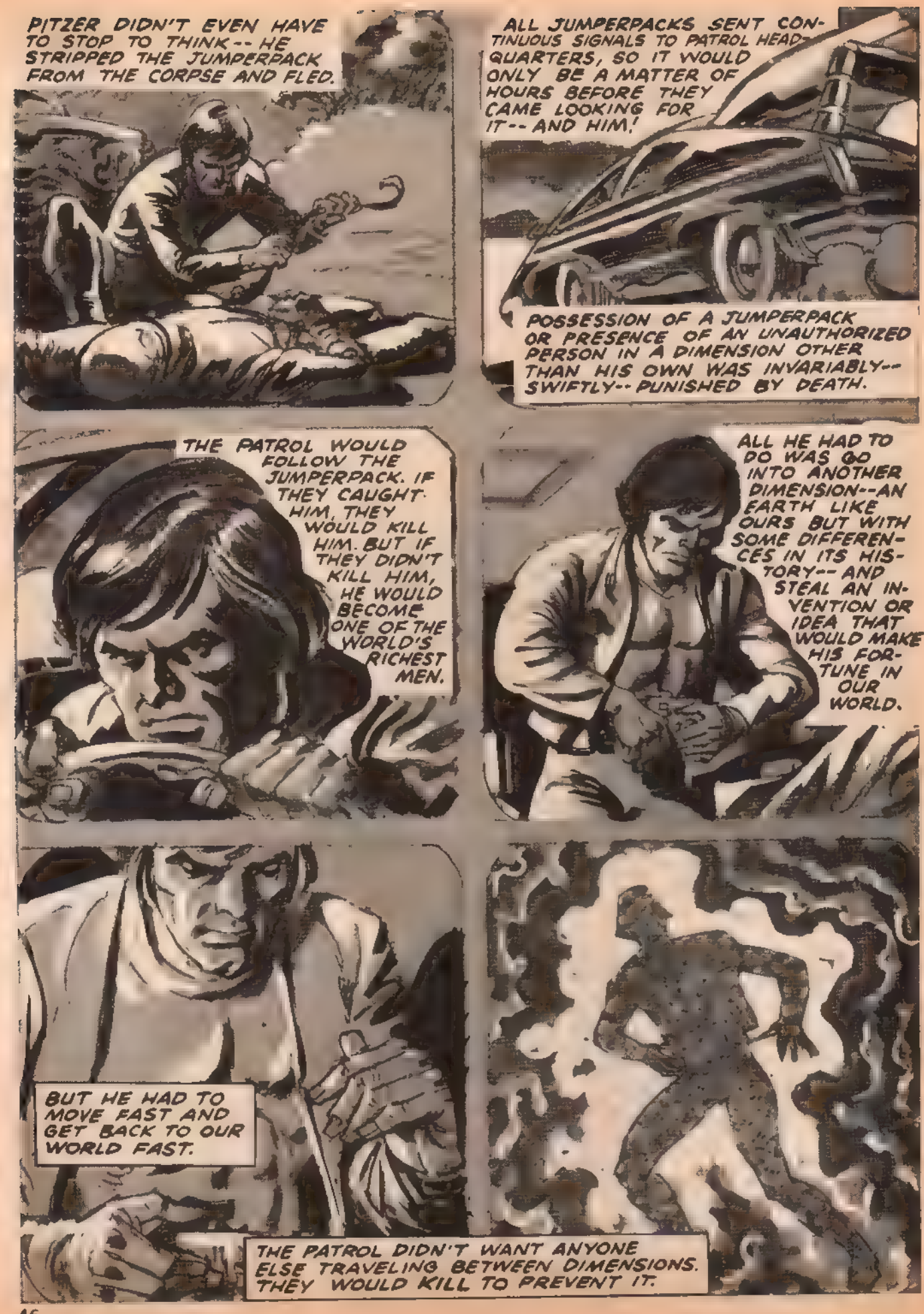
PITZER HAD TO CHECK THE NEWSPAPER DISPENSER BEFORE HE COULD CONFIRM THAT HE WAS IN ANOTHER WRONG PLACE.



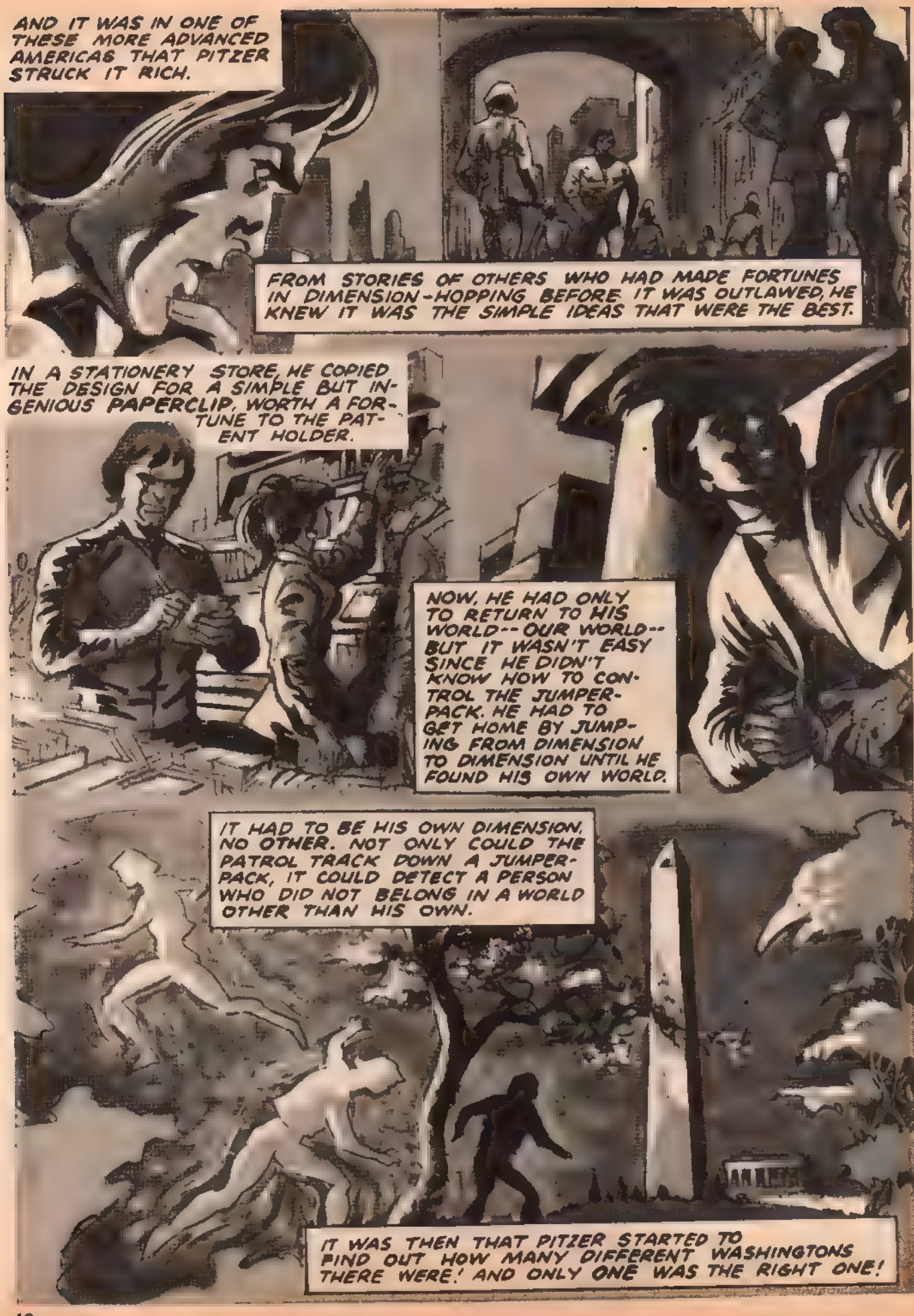
"IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED
...TRY.
...TRY.
AGAIN
THAT WAS ONE OF THE REALLY DIFFERENT ONES-- A WORLD WHERE THE ROMAN EMPIRE NEVER FELL AND THE WARS AND CONQUEST CONTINUED FOR ANOTHER 2000 YEARS, EVEN INTO AMERICA
THE NEXT WORLD WAS EVEN WORSE!

IN THIS DIMENSION, MAN HAD NEVER APPEARED-- UNTIL NOW.
IT WAS A WORLD WHERE THE DINOSAURS STILL RULED.
A WORLD WHERE THE MAMMOTH AND THE MASTODON ROAM...
HE, HARRY DITZER, WAS THE FIRST MAN IN THIS WORLD!
HARRY FLED BETWEEN THE DIMENSIONS--
--AND MAYBE THE LAST!
--BUT TIME WAS RUNNING OUT!

THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PATROL WOULD CATCH HIM IF HE KEPT POPPING IN AND OUT OF ALTERNATE WORLDS TOTALLY AT RANDOM.
GETTING CAUGHT BY THE PATROL WOULD MEAN DEATH. ON THE SPOT. NO TRIAL, NO JURY AND NO APPEAL.
HARRY PITZER HAD OBTAINED A DIMENSIONAL PATROLMAN'S JUMPER-PACK BY ACCIDENT. HE HAD BEEN DRIVING HIS NEW CAR ON A LONELY ROAD. WHEN...
...THERE WAS A FLASH OF LIGHT JUST AHEAD OF HIS CAR.
A DIMEN-SIONAL PATROL-MAN HAD WINKED INTO PITZER'S PATH.
THE PATROLMAN WAS KILLED--
--BUT HIS JUMPER-PACK WAS UNDAMAGED.


PITZER DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO STOP TO THINK -- HE STRIPPED THE JUMPERPACK FROM THE CORPSE AND FLED.
ALL JUMPERPACKS SENT CONTINUOUS SIGNALS TO PATROL HEADQUARTERS, SO IT WOULD ONLY BE A MATTER OF HOURS BEFORE THEY CAME LOOKING FOR IT -- AND HIM!
POSSESSION OF A JUMPERPACK OR PRESENCE OF AN UNAUTHORIZED PERSON IN A DIMENSION OTHER THAN HIS OWN WAS INVARIABLY -- SWIFTLY -- PUNISHED BY DEATH.
THE PATROL WOULD FOLLOW THE JUMPERPACK. IF THEY CAUGHT HIM, THEY WOULD KILL HIM. BUT IF THEY DIDN'T KILL HIM, HE WOULD BECOME ONE OF THE WORLD'S RICHEST MEN.
ALL HE HAD TO DO WAS GO INTO ANOTHER DIMENSION -- AN EARTH LIKE OURS BUT WITH SOME DIFFERENCES IN ITS HISTORY -- AND STEAL AN INVENTION OR IDEA THAT WOULD MAKE HIS FORTUNE IN OUR WORLD.
BUT HE HAD TO MOVE FAST AND GET BACK TO OUR WORLD FAST.
THE PATROL DIDN'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TRAVELING BETWEEN DIMENSIONS. THEY WOULD KILL TO PREVENT IT.

IN SOME OF THE WORLDS, HISTORY SEEMED TO RUN AT A SLOWER PACE THAN IN OURS. HIS FIRST ALTERNATE WORLD WAS ALMOST HIS LAST--HE WINKED INTO A PINCHED BATTLE BETWEEN BRITISH CAVALRYMEN AND ARABIAN INFANTRY!
JUMPERPACK, DO YOUR STUFF! GET ME OUT OF HERE-- FAST!
WHAT QUIRKS IN HISTORY HAD PUT THESE COMBATANTS WHERE WASHINGTON, D.C., IN 1990 SHOULD HAVE BEEN, HE DIDN'T KNOW. AND HE DIDN'T STAY TO FIND OUT!
THE JUMPERPACKS COULD BE CONTROLLED TO TAKE THE WEARER TO A SPECIFIC DIMENSION AND RETURN HIM TO HIS OWN-- BUT PITZER DIDN'T KNOW HOW. ONLY THE DIMENSIONAL PATROLMEN KNEW-- AND PITZER COULDN'T ASK ONE OF THEM. HE TRAVELLED AT RANDOM.
SOMETIMES THE OTHER AMERICAS HE VISITED WERE MORE ADVANCED THAN OUR OWN.

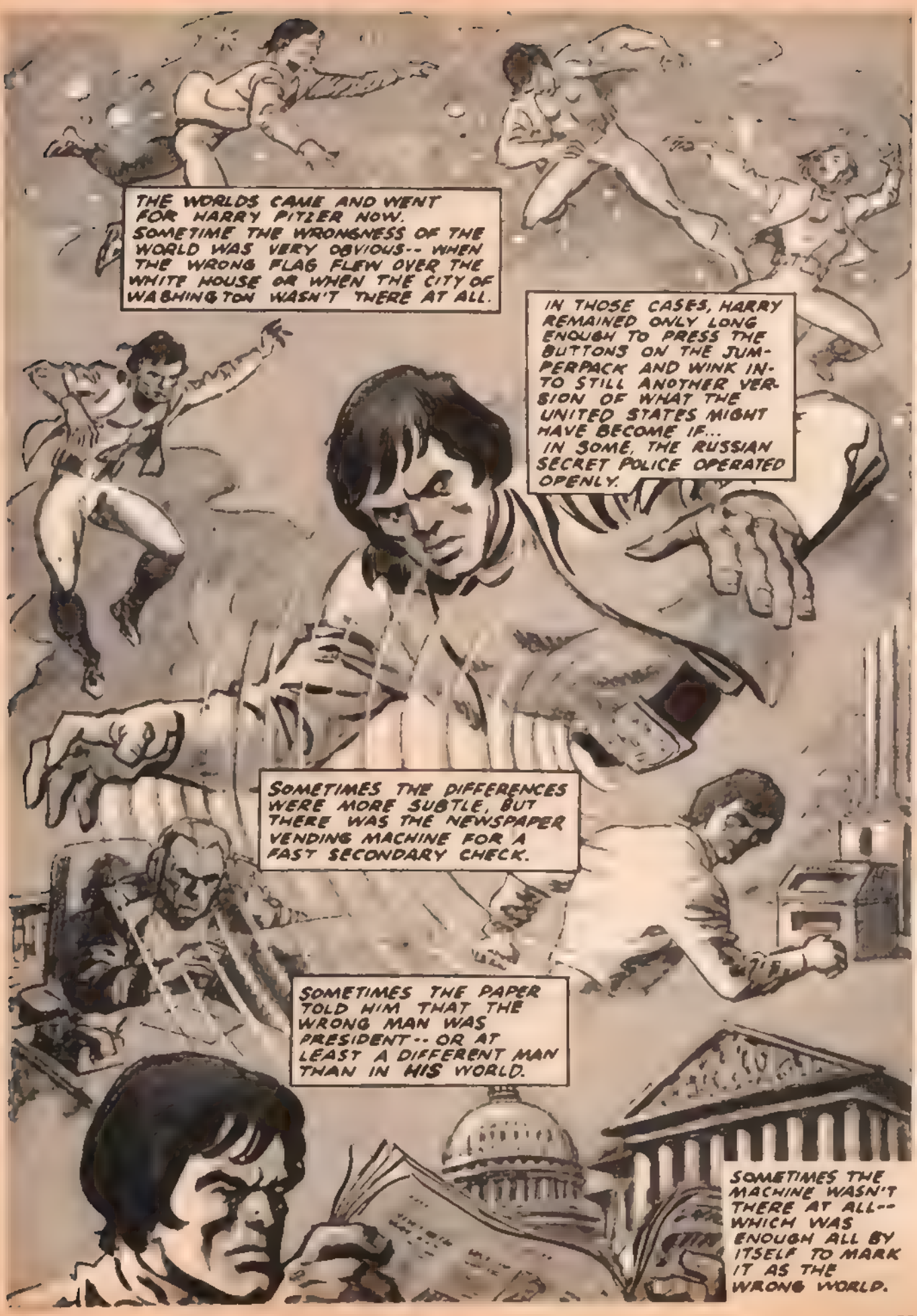

AND IT WAS IN ONE OF THESE MORE ADVANCED AMERICAS THAT PITZER STRUCK IT RICH.
FROM STORIES OF OTHERS WHO HAD MADE FORTUNES IN DIMENSION-HOPPING BEFORE IT WAS OUTLAWED, HE KNEW IT WAS THE SIMPLE IDEAS THAT WERE THE BEST.
IN A STATIONERY STORE, HE COPIED THE DESIGN FOR A SIMPLE BUT INGENIOUS PAPERCLIP, WORTH A FORTUNE TO THE PATENT HOLDER.
NOW, HE HAD ONLY TO RETURN TO HIS WORLD--OUR WORLD--BUT IT WASN'T EASY SINCE HE DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO CONTROL THE JUMPER-PACK. HE HAD TO GET HOME BY JUMPING FROM DIMENSION TO DIMENSION UNTIL HE FOUND HIS OWN WORLD.
IT HAD TO BE HIS OWN DIMENSION. NO OTHER. NOT ONLY COULD THE PATROL TRACK DOWN A JUMPER-PACK, IT COULD DETECT A PERSON WHO DID NOT BELONG IN A WORLD OTHER THAN HIS OWN.
IT WAS THEN THAT PITZER STARTED TO FIND OUT HOW MANY DIFFERENT WASHINGTONS THERE WERE! AND ONLY ONE WAS THE RIGHT ONE!

HE HAD ONE BREAK-- HE LIVED IN WASHINGTON, D.C., A CITY WHERE VARIATIONS IN HISTORY SHOWED VERY CLEARLY.
THERE WAS A NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE ON A CORNER NEAR THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL IN HIS WORLD AND IT PROVIDED A FAST SECONDARY CHECK WHEN THE OVERALL EFFECT WAS RIGHT.
JURY SET FOR INER TRIAL
THE MEMORIAL IS OK, CLOTHES ON TOURISTS LOOK O.K., VENDING MACHINE IS HERE O.K...
THAT'S THE SAME HEADLINE THAT WAS ON TODAY'S PAPER IT LOOKS GOOD.
BUT IT WAS A LITTLE TOO GOOD.
LORD, WHAT IF I HADN'T NOTICED?
SKIPPY AND KRAZY KAT HAVEN'T BEEN IN THE PAPERS FOR YEARS! DARN! I ALMOST WISH I COULD STAY HERE...
YOU WITH THE LONG HAIR! HOLD IT RIGHT THERE! WE HAVE SOME QUESTIONS FOR YOU!
SORRY, SOLDIER, NO TIME TO TALK--
I'M JUST PASSING THROUGH!

OUT OF THE FRYING PAN...
WHAT ON EARTH?!!
AN INVASION-- FROM SPACE? FROM ANOTHER COUNTRY? I'M NOT STAYING TO FIND OUT WHICH!
NO ONE HAD SEEN HIM COME, NO ONE SAW HIM GO NO ONE HAD TIME TO NOTICE--OR REMAINED TO TELL ABOUT IT.

THE NEXT WORLD LOOKED JUST FINE, UNTIL HE SAW WHAT FLEW OVER THE WHITE HOUSE.
THE UNION JACK! THAT'S NOT MY GRAND OLD FLAG! IT LOOKS LIKE THE BRITISH WON THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR. I WONDER WHO THIS CITY IS NAMED AFTER ON THIS WORLD.
MY LUCK IS BOUND TO RUN OUT IF I KEEP POPPING UP IN THE MIDDLE OF WARS...
BUT I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW. ONE FINAL TOUCH OF THE BUTTON AND I CAN SETTLE DOWN FOR A NICE...
... HOME-COOKED MEAL!
WRONG HOME, HARRY. WRONG MEAL!

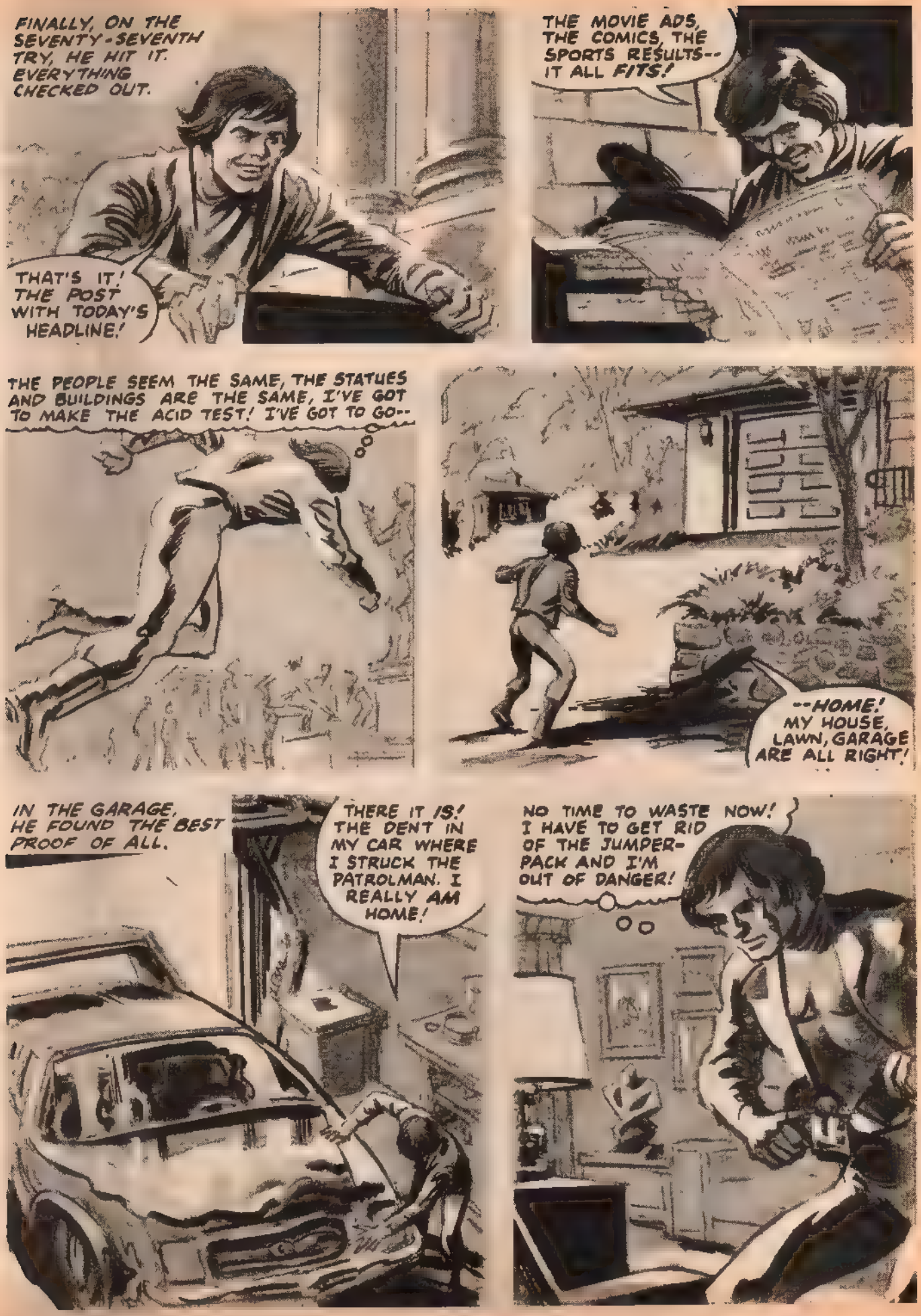
SORRY TO BREAK IN ON YOU AT MEALTIME, BOYS! I'LL JUST BE ON MY WAY.
GOOD LORD! WHAT HAPPENED HERE? DID MAN NEVER DEVELOP BEYOND THE CAVES OR DID HE GET DRIVEN BACK BY ATOMIC WAR?
YIPE! WHO CARES WHICH HAPPENED? EITHER WAY, IT'S NO PLACE FOR ME.
HARRY'S STAY AMONG THE CAVEMEN WAS BRIEF, BUT THE EFFECT WAS LONG LASTING--
--THEY'D TALK ABOUT HIS EXIT FOR YEARS.


THE WORLDS CAME AND WENT FOR HARRY PITZER NOW. SOMETIME THE WRONGNESS OF THE WORLD WAS VERY OBVIOUS-- WHEN THE WRONG FLAG FLEW OVER THE WHITE HOUSE OR WHEN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON WASN'T THERE AT ALL.
IN THOSE CASES, HARRY REMAINED ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO PRESS THE BUTTONS ON THE JUMPERPACK AND WINK INTO STILL ANOTHER VERSION OF WHAT THE UNITED STATES MIGHT HAVE BECOME IF... IN SOME, THE RUSSIAN SECRET POLICE OPERATED OPENLY.
SOMETIMES THE DIFFERENCES WERE MORE SUBTLE, BUT THERE WAS THE NEWSPAPER VENDING MACHINE FOR A FAST SECONDARY CHECK.
SOMETIMES THE PAPER TOLD HIM THAT THE WRONG MAN WAS PRESIDENT -- OR AT LEAST A DIFFERENT MAN THAN IN HIS WORLD.
SOMETIMES THE MACHINE WASN'T THERE AT ALL-- WHICH WAS ENOUGH ALL BY ITSELF TO MARK IT AS THE WRONG WORLD.

A FRIGHTENING PERCENTAGE OF THE WORLDS HE VISITED WERE ONES WHERE WORLD WAR II WAS STILL CONTINUING OR HAD BEEN WON BY THE AXIS POWERS.
WASHI
MUSSOLINI
ETHIOPIA
I GUESS THE OUTCOME OF WARS IS ONE OF THE BIG FACTORS IN HISTORY. THE WORLD CHANGES A GREAT DEAL DEPENDING ON WHO WON.
AND WHO LOST!
George Tavern
AS I WAS SAYING!

HISTORY TOOK MANY STRANGE TURNS AND PITZER WITNESSED MANY OF THEM. EVERY TIME A BATTLE WAS WON OR LOST, HISTORY FOLLOWED A DIFFERENT TRACK ON SOME WORLDS. HE COULDN'T STOP TO GUESS HOW MANY CHANGES WERE NECESSARY TO A PITCHED CIVIL WAR BATTLE OCCURING IN WASHINGTON IN 1990, BUT HE HAD A BRIEF SAMPLE OF WHAT THE BATTLE WAS LIKE.

I'VE BEEN AT THIS FOR HOURS! IF I DON'T FIND MY WORLD SOON I'M GOING TO COLLAPSE! AND THEY'LL GET ME BEFORE I WAKE UP!
AND STILL HE CONTINUED, WINKING INTO SWAMPY FORESTS WHERE WASHINGTON HAD NEVER BEEN BUILT...
...AND RUSHING TO CHECK THE NEWSPAPER IN THOSE WORLDS THAT LOOKED RIGHT...
WASHINGTON POST
JFK NAMED TO SUPREME COURT!
WASHINGTON POST
JAMES DEAN WINS BEST ACTOR OSCAR
WASHINGTON POST
PRES. AGNEW BEGINS FOURTH TERM
WASHINGTON POST
COMMUNIST PARTY HAILS SENATOR JOE MCCARTHY
WASHINGTON POST
KATHERINE HEPBURN ELECTED PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON POST
WORLD WAR IV INEVITABLE SAYS PENTAGON CHIEF
...BUT WEREN'T QUITE RIGHT!


FINALLY, ON THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH TRY, HE HIT IT. EVERYTHING CHECKED OUT.
THAT'S IT! THE POST WITH TODAY'S HEADLINE!
THE MOVIE ADS, THE COMICS, THE SPORTS RESULTS-- IT ALL FITS!
THE PEOPLE SEEM THE SAME, THE STATUES AND BUILDINGS ARE THE SAME, I'VE GOT TO MAKE THE ACID TEST! I'VE GOT TO GO--
--HOME! MY HOUSE, LAWN, GARAGE ARE ALL RIGHT!
IN THE GARAGE, HE FOUND THE BEST PROOF OF ALL.
THERE IT IS! THE DENT IN MY CAR WHERE I STRUCK THE PATROLMAN. I REALLY AM HOME!
NO TIME TO WASTE NOW! I HAVE TO GET RID OF THE JUMPER-PACK AND I'M OUT OF DANGER!

FINGERPRINTS DON'T MATTER, SO THERE'S NO NEED TO WIPE THEM OFF! ALL HARRY PITZERS IN ALL WORLDS WILL HAVE THE SAME ONES, SO EVEN IF THEY CATCH UP TO THIS JUMPERPACK, THEY WON'T GET ME!
HARRY STUCK A PIN INTO THE ACTIVATING BUTTON SO IT WOULD KEEP ON GOING THROUGH THE DIMENSIONS INDEFINITELY, LEADING THE PATROL ON A MERRY CHASE.
GOING, GOING...
GONE!
FOR SEVERAL MINUTES, HARRY SAT THERE, SMILING AT THE SPACE WHERE THE JUMPERPACK HAD BEEN. THE RELIEF WAS ENORMOUS!
I'M SAFE--
--BUT, LORD, HAVE I GOT A HEADACHE!

NO ASPIRIN IN THE HOUSE! BUT WITH A FORTUNE AS SURE AS MINE, WITH THIS INVENTION, I CAN INVEST IN A BOTTLE.
THE WORLD OF 1990 WAS REASSURINGLY FAMILIAR, EVEN TO THE ANACHRONISTIC FRIENDLY PHARMACIST, PART OF A PRO-MOTIONAL GIMMICK THE DRUG STORE HAD BEGUN THE WEEK BEFORE HARRY PITZER HAD KILLED THE INTERDIMENSIONAL PATROLMAN.
A BOTTLE OF ASPIRIN, PLEASE!
DRY ASPIRIN--YIKH! BUT I'M GOING TO ENJOY TODAY!
AS LONG AS I'M HERE, I MIGHT AS WELL BROWSE. MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING TO READ TO MAKE ME FORGET MY HEADACHE.
NOTHING LOOKS TOO GOOD IN THE MAGAZINES...
...MAYBE I CAN FIND SOMETHING IN THE PAPERBACKS...

IDLY, HE THUMBED THROUGH THE BOOKS UNTIL THE COVER OF A SLIM BOOK CAUGHT HIS EYE
HE HELD THE BOOK IN A SUDDENLY MOIST HAND. HIS HEART STUTTERED AND THEN BEGAN TO BEAT RAPIDLY.
IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE TRACER PICKED HIM OUT AS AN ALIEN IN THIS DIMENSION AND THE PATROL CAME TO DESTROY HIM.
THINGS WEREN'T GOING TO GO WELL FOR THE HARRY DITZER WHO BELONGED IN THIS DIMENSION, EITHER
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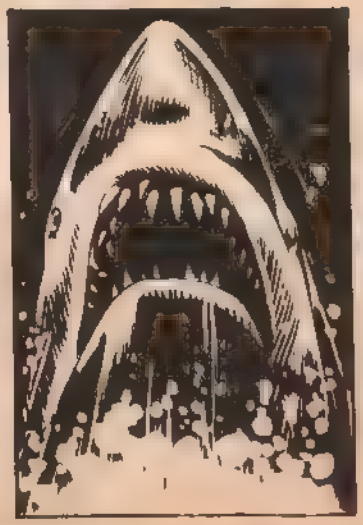

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letters

Despite our trepidations at releasing "The UFO Connection" more than three months later than planned, in MARVEL PREVIEW #13, and thereby appearing on newsstands in the midst of a "UFO" media blitz and being mistaken for yet another CLOSE ENCOUNTERS inspired quickie, we received nary a negative response to our offbeat complete-in-one-issue comics novel.

Dear DAK and Herb,

"The UFO Connection" was one of the best non-super-hero stories to come from Marvel in years. *The* best, in fact. The Starlin cover, the Bryant frontispiece, the articles and the story itself (or is it *just* a story?) were all *magnifique*. I even liked the Star-Lord advertisement on page 61.

Till next time . . .

Robbo
Stevens Kempston,
Bedford, England

Dear Dave, Herb, Klaus and Pablo,

"I've waited a long time for the premiere of "The UFO Connection." Longer than you might imagine, as I'll explain.

There are probably many people who won't believe it isn't just a rip-off of CLOSE ENCOUNTERS – but, Dave, I believe (although I probably wouldn't if not for visiting Herb Trimpe last summer, and having him mentioning it to me).

It was spectacular, to say the least! After all the UFO Alien comic books and movies that have swept the country, I am happy to say that I wasn't bored with the story. It was very good. I have never heard of Pyramid Power before, so it was new and fascinating to me. The real reason I liked the story was because this kind of thing could really happen.

I'm a believer in the existence of other life forms in the universe, and I, myself, saw a UFO one night, while looking out my window in Saugerties, N.Y. So did my friend. So I believe that you have seen one, Dave. It must have fascinated you; fascinated you enough to do this story. It's a masterpiece, everything went smoothly to the end. The art was sheer beauty. Thank you Herb, Klaus and Pablo. I'm not gonna say much more, the issue stands for itself. But I will say, here comes Star-Lord, move over Star Wars!!!

I can't wait for next issue!!

Dave Pfeil
2006 S. Hydraulic
Wichita, KS 67211

Folks,

There are no words to describe MARVEL PREVIEW #13. "The UFO Connection" was beautiful. I hate to say it, but even STAR-LORD didn't have such an overwhelming impact on me. All the elements basic to a good story are present. Plot, drama, and emotion (heavy on the emotion!).

I particularly liked the way in which you showed the father's eyes just before each seizure. It kinda helped show that he didn't know where he was gonna go next. His recovery scene (page 19) was well worth waiting for. In these scenes, his love for his daughter came through. This is probably one of the elements most commonly left out in a good SF story.

Another beautiful point in the story was Sissie, herself. She served as a constant reminder of the fear of death that exists in all of us. She loved her father greatly, as shown on pages 5, 6, 7, 13 (one of the best), and just about every page of the story.

What really attracted me to this story was the frame on page 13, where she pleaded with her father not to get sick again. This basic, raw emotion is something not found often enough in any story. Another MARVELous scene is on page 46 ("I don't want to die, Daddy! It's not FAIR!").

Now, on to the *piece de resistance*. Of course, I'm talking about the last pages. Sissie's final moments were done in such a way as to allow her fear, love, and pain to flow out of the page. For the first time since I was in the third grade, a comic book actually made tears come to my eyes.

What else can I say, except that I hope to see more work by Dave and Herb! A story of this caliber deserves a movie of its own. Excellence embodied.

Okay, guys. There isn't too much more that I can say except keep it up!

Dave Weingart
45 Cambria Rd.
Syosset, NY 11791

Dear Dave the Dude:

I just read "The UFO Connection" and I think it was a cosmic blast. It tells of what really could be true. I am a great science-fiction book fan. But this black and-white novel is something else. It is a spellbinding story. After I started reading it, I couldn't put it down. When I bought the mag, I didn't really think it would be any good, but after reading only the first few pages, it rocked me back on my heels! It is one of the best black-and-white comic novels I've ever read. It and STAR-LORD have renewed my faith that there are still great science-fiction writers. I

UFO Observations

Cosmic Trigger Comments

Pyramid Power Prognostications

was totally wrong about "The UFO Connection" when I bought it—boy, was I ever!

David Anthony Kraft, Herb Trimpe, Klaus Janson, and Pablo Marcos did a great job on creating a masterpiece. The narrative, which was Sissie's thoughts, really pulled me deeper into the mag. Keep up the great work, gang. I would like to see another follow-up novel, to tell the story of what ultimately happened to Sissie.

Stephen Oates
Rt. 10
Marion, KY 42064

We'll be the first to admit that the temptation to "Kraft" a sequel occasionally comes upon us in this time of JAWS 2, GODFATHER II, OMEN II and so forth—but frankly, we've got to agree with James Ayerbe in the following letter, who advocates leaving it to the imagination just as DAK originally intended.

To wit:

Dear Dude:

First off, let me congratulate you on your black-and-white editing for Marvel! I'm very happy, because you always seem to bring a lot of enthusiasm to whatever you do.

Regarding the story in MARVEL PREVIEW #13, I must admit that when I first head about it, I was a little leary. Not because you were writing the story, but because it seemed hastily contrived and Herb Trimpe was doing the artwork (Herb isn't a renowned sci-fi artist). But, I'm glad to say, I was proven wrong on all accounts. "The UFO Connection" was a great story, exciting, tense, using a lot of different thoughts and concepts; it was a true science fiction story, something very rare in comics (I was going to say I hope to see a sequel—my comic book mentality had a grip on me—but then I remembered all those science fiction stories I had read with endings just like you had, leaving things to your imagination. Dave, please do not have a sequel. That would spoil everything.) The artwork was entirely adequate, although a lot of credit has to go to the two embellishers. Klaus Janson and Pablo Marcos. Oh yeah, I also enjoyed the way you had Sissie tell the story. You're a clever guy, DAK.

Your articles were very good this issue. This was one of the bast article sections ever in any Marvel magazine. "The Cosmic Trigger" excerpt by Robert Anton Wilson was just incredible, and I intend to search long and hard until I find the book. The Don Pendelton fiction was also nicely done and I hope to see more fictional pieces.

I always watch the credits carefully, and I noticed under "Staff and Such" the name Don McGregor. Is he now working on staff at Marvel again? Dave, I understand you were Don's editor on his book DRAGONFLAME & OTHER BEDTIME NIGHTMARES. If that's true, and assuming you've read his KILLRAVEN and BLACK PANTHER books, then you realize what monumental talents he has as a writer. Do you think it's possible that you at Marvel might give Don some writing assignments? It isn't that I don't enjoy the typical Marvel comic—I do, tremendously—it's just that I feel there should be room for a guy like Don McGregor. This is why I enjoy your writing and Steve Gerber's writing so much—you both have stories that are kind of weird. Don't forget, Stan Lee was the biggest mold breaker of all and completely revolutionized the concept of comics. So please, bring back Don McGregor as a writer.

Just a couple of more comments on MP #13. The cover by Jim Starlin was simply incredible and I hope Jim will do more work for Marvel. I was glad to see, Dave, you used the expression "Christ," which we surely wouldn't have seen in a color comic. Don't forget, the black-and-white magazine line was initially conceived by Marvel as more mature.

James Ayerbe
26 E Brookline St.
Boston, MA 02118

You bring up a fair share of interesting points that we'll endeavor to answer as well as we can. First, we're honored that you enjoyed the genuine effort at straight storytelling put forth by Dave and Herb—it was a rare opportunity for them to indulge in a complete-in-itself comics novel apart from the multifarious myth-tapestry of the Marvel Universe.

As for Dauntless Don, you will indeed be seeing more of his unique scripting here in the Marvel line of special magazines, although he is not back on staff here. He was only lending a helping hand to a harried DAK, who did indeed edit Don's DRAGONFLAME book.

Finally, we're sure you'll agree that in the area of experimentation, we're expanding our mature line of Marvel magazines in more directions than ever. So be sure to let us know what you think of our forthcoming efforts!

Hello Everybody:

This is my first letter to Marvel, after more than a year of comics collecting. I skeptically bought MARVEL PREVIEW 13, but I was pleasantly surprised by the great story and art within! I also liked the editorial by Dave! So, until the Yancy Streeters get their own mag, Make Mine Marvel!

John Green RFO
2442 Tortosa
Row. Hts., CA 91748

Your letter is representative of much of the mail response to "The UFO Connection," John—and we're proud to have been able to provide an offbeat and emotionally-charged original work in the midst of an outpouring of quickie rip-offs in the media, all obviously inspired by CLOSE ENCOUNTERS.

Dear Mr. Kraft,

I just finished reading "The UFO Connection," and frankly, I am stunned. I have never before read such a gripping, suspenseful story.

At first, I didn't know what to expect. "Dave Kraft is writing this," I said to my incompetent friend, "I don't know what to expect."

The story started with a totally formula suspense story splash panel. The honest man and his innocent relative (or girlfriend, or dog...) faced with a dread menace for the unknown. I yawned. "This is a totally formula story," I told my cat. So what's next? We turn the page to read the cliche-strewn, sci-fi story.

Here is my complaint: I couldn't find the typical "unknown story" I expected. Instead, what I found was a beautifully written thriller with excellent plot, excellent dialogue, excellent characterization, and an extraordinary sense of fear running through my mind as I read it. Sissie's and her father's reactions as they are continually assaulted by these murder machines are totally realistic. I can remember a few times when I myself was afraid to turn a corner or open a door because of some unkind enemy who would rather pound my head in than look at me. Their wanting to escape, to get a crowded place, to get on a plane and fly to the moon, it is all real, and was very real in the story. You are a very talented person, indeed, Mr. Kraft.

The entire aliens/energy tap/pyramids business was mind-boggling. Your concepts are incredible, your writing is realistic, and your characters believable. You can't lose.

Thank you for a truly gripping story.

Robert Malmken
223 Long Plain Rd.
Amherst, MA 01002

You're welcome, Bob!

To the Editor:

We enjoyed your "UFO Connection" edition of MARVEL PREVIEW. Your excerpt of our COSMIC TRIGGER was especially well done and we appreciate your sensitive editing of the most recent of Robert Anton Wilson's works.

However, in your behind-the-scenes anecdote, you mention that a mass market edition of COSMIC TRIGGER will be forthcoming from Dell Books. Actually, this is an error. The mass publisher of COSMIC TRIGGER is Pocket Books. Dell publishes Robert Anton Wilson's other work, THE ILLUMINATUS TRILOGY.

Peter Beren/Editor
AND/OR PRESS
Box 2246
Berekely, CA 94702

Thanks for setting us straight, Pete—and our apologies to all concerned. This is as good a place as any to reiterate our recommendation of COSMIC TRIGGER—and to thank And/Or Press for the permission to serialize a portion of it in MARVEL PREVIEW #13.

Dear Mr. Kraft,

Just read your "UFO Connection" and it reminds me of my own speculations and research *re* UFOs, which arrived at a somewhat similar conclusion.

Pyramids are supposed to beam energy from their tips, and according to a hint of Herodotus, 'Gods' commanded the Egyptians to build them.

According to Wilhelm Reich, as you probably know, UFOs are draining our planet of orgone energy, which is causing our droughts. Have you heard of Jerome Eden's work in reversing this, and the fact that he is also being attacked by UFOs (but not MIB, who, in my opinion, can only get at people who are themselves trying to get famous via UFOs). Mr. Eden can be reached c/o the Eden Bulletin, Box 34, Careywood, Idaho.

Besides WR, there is William Blake, who said that the road to truth was the exercise of the active imagination (*not* the passive reception of telepathic sucker-bait). "The UFO Connection" seems to be this sort of production. He also said (I think) that the material world was an invention of the collective unconscious, which makes a good deal of sense. It would explain how UFOs could be a projection of the unconscious and also materially real. Also, some people may be benefiting from the fact that the human race is being dominated by its own creations. This is far out, but logical.

There is also Prof. H.C. Dudley's "The Morality of Nuclear Planning," in which he cites the evidence for the existence of a "neutrino sea," or ether, making orgone even more probable, and perhaps identical with the collective unconcious.

Have you read "Conjuring up Philip"? If a group of around 8 people can generate a Philip, a larger group could generate (or "emanate," as Blake says) a "God." If, then, psychic vampires were floating about somewhere, they could take possession of such an invented and perhaps relatively defenseless being, turn the whole thing around and control the people with their own strength.

"Philip"'s PK came from the blocked energy of the participants, from their repressions and frustrations, etc. Thus, the postulated vampire would do his best to *increase* repressions, through his human agents, with whom he would share his power. This points to religion and black and red fascism (or pornographic sex, for that matter, which can make the mind passive *a la* Aleister Crowley).

Tell me what you think.

Mrs. Georgia Moritz
2015 Broadway St.
Clearbook, B.C. CANADA

We think there's enough subject matter and idea content in your letter to make for many long hours of discussion on the offbeat item of manifestations and mind power, Mrs. Moritz. Unfortunately, we're all out of room for this installment of "Preview Review," and so we must close with these magic words: See ya next ish! (And don't forget to write.)

PREVIEW REVIEW
Marvel Magazines
575 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

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plate 2

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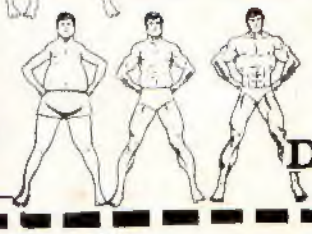

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